TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The sensation of the week has been the developments arising out of the Princeton murder. One would have imagined that a man so far away from home as the victim was would have escaped identification, after the great pains taken by the murderer to remove all marks from his clothing. The cigar case, of course, was the one thing that the murderer forgot to take away with him, but even after this, had Burchell refused to notice the paragraph in the papers and kept away from the scene of the murder, it is doubtful if he would have been suspected. To make assurance doubly sure he went forward as a witness to identify the body and out of his own mouth provided the clues which have since been worked up into such a strong case against him. I don't know whether the readers of such evidence as the newspapers have been giving us in this connection ever wonder what they would have done under similar circumstances. Yet it is interesting to put one's self in the murderer's place after the crime was committed and carefully arrange all details as he must have arranged them in order to escape detection. At first blush one thinks the alleged murderer a bungler and that with the opportunities at his disposal he ought to have escaped suspicion, but on looking into the matter and noticing the pains he took and how successful he was in all save one little particular, the cigar case, it must be acknowledged that if he is the murderer, he did his work very cleverly, without arousing suspicion even in the mind of his traveling companion whom he had defrauded. He apparently rested the whole strength of his plan on the supposed impossibility of any one identifying the remains. That having broken down, he is evidently unprepared to stand the investigation which follows. The hilarious enjoyment of life which seems to have been the chief characteristic of the alleged murderer and the diabolical deliberateness of the crime suggests the hardihood of the professional assassin, and this thought is the one which makes the tragedy so interestingly horrible.

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Talking about men with high animal spirits and that reckless abandon which makes them seem entirely indifferent as to the value of money or of proper objects upon which to expend it, adds to the strength of the belief which has been growing in me that these "jolly dogs," —these "good fellows" who are always ready to go on a spree of almost any kind—are universally dangerous men. Our own city has provided us with plenty of instances of men who had a reputation of being exceedingly generous, fellows who would give up five or ten dollars for anything and everything, wine, women or charity, with a hearty grace that made those who had to be more careful in their financing absolutely envious. In few cases have these men arrived at honorable old age. Our social records, and I am sorry to say our criminal records, show the downfall of the majority. When young men get in the habit of "blowing themselves off," as it is called in High Jinkland, and where they are controlled by an itching to spend lots of money and be terrible fellows, unless they have a fortune at their command such as seldom falls to the lot of Canadian youth, they soon arrive at a period when they must abandon their luxurious and "princely" habits or else struggle to acquire money by improper means. The latter is generally the course chosen. They cannot endure to drop back among their frugal and common-place brethren, so they proceed to wreck the fortunes of others in an effort to maintain what was at best an unworthy notoriety. Embezzlement, forgery and theft have been the favorite means employed by these "high rollers" to provide themselves with funds enough to keep in sight. The result is imprisonment or flight, for discovery is much more certain to come to such criminals than it is to the murderer who after placing an ocean and half a continent between his victim's friends and the place chosen for his crime, trusts his life, as the others have trusted their honor, on a flimsy plan to escape detection. In order to give wine parties and drive four-in-hand drags and pose as a fool lordling it is supposed that Burchell *alias* Somerset became a murderer if not a professional murderer. In order to pose as a "devil of a fellow" hundreds of young men have gone to ruin and thence to the penitentiary or the United States. To be able to buy wine and lead a fast set for a few months they have broken the hearts of fathers and mothers, dishonored wives, sisters and brothers and all who wear their name or have the same blood in their veins, and it does not seem to me that Burchell was much more of a fool or a brute than they were and the punishment they receive is probably quite as bitter and more lasting than death on the gallows.

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No better evidence of the "funk" into which the politicians have fallen since the debate over the Jesuits' Estates Bill can be found than the passage of the Orange Incorporation Act. The patient camel of Protestant opinion groaned under the weight of Mercier's astute scheme to benefit himself and embarrass Sir John at the same time, and then the partial defeat of the Dual Language Bill was piled on the groaning beast and even the dullest legislator in the House of Commons could plainly see that nothing more could be endured. Of course this was the Orangemen's opportunity; it was seized upon and their bill became law. Those outside of the Order have not been lying awake nights hungering for the accomplishment of the thing but many who had previously opposed it became its friends because French-Canadian aggression has been carried so far. It is delightful to see the trimmers and tricksters, with whom the House abounds, so at their wits' end for excuses and makeshifts and opportunities to square themselves with their constituents. It is pleasant, too, to feel assured that with Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Charlton and Col. O'Brien and their little band of followers, the camel will be offered still further burdens to bear if the majority is to continue to conduct things in its old style. That the camel can carry no more and is about to indulge in a grand kick makes it plain to those who are looking forward to other disagreeable proposals that they will have to lug some of the load themselves, or assist in the reforms which they despise. It certainly is an unpleasant prospect for the slaves of the government and the serfs of French-Canadian ecclesiasticism.

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The universal antagonism aroused by the mistake made by the chairman of the viaduct conference shows that the city is interested and is determined to have publicity if nothing else. There was no good reason why the people's business should not be discussed in the presence of those who would report the proceedings, nor was there any good reason why the gentlemen belonging to the various committees which had been considering the matter should have been excluded. Worse than all, however, was the loss of the tactical advantage which would have been gained had the railroad magnates been forced to say directly to the people what they so coolly and contemptuously stated to the committee. A report of the lofty and supercilious posture of the railway managers would have done much to arouse that portion of our people who have not yet been awakened to the necessity of rearranging for all time to come our mutilated water front. But it is as unnecessary, as it is unkind, to heap abuse on the man who made the mistake. No one doubts the honesty of his motives and I for one know that he has taken much more time and pains to rectify the Esplanade wrongs than many of those who are jeering at his error. Of course, every time a mistake is made by those having the matter in charge for the people, it makes it more difficult to obtain volunteers to keep up the fight. It seems that Mr. Gurney's critics are much more willing to forgive the men who have neglected their duty for these many years than pardon a man who, by an error in judgment, made a committee seem absurd. The railway companies, however, need not hug to their heart any delusion that their tactical skill and clever bluff have won them the battle. It was only the first skirmish. The railroad managers are skilful campaigners, but it won't be long before our undisciplined forces will have acquired enough experience to successfully meet them. For decades the city has been bound with chains. We may not be able to throw them off without a bitter struggle, but I have every confidence that the people are prepared for the fight.

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The *Globe* calls Mr. Meredith's proposal to elect the License Commissioners a "pro-whisky move" and claims that if the matter were in the hands of a County Council not specially chosen with regard to the appointment of Commissioners the hotelkeepers would make their influence felt and would practically control the situation. I don't imagine that the hotelkeepers of a county or city could elect a majority of the council, no matter how hard they might try. But even if they did, their influence would not be more unhealthy under the circumstances than it is when used by them as a solid body for the government which appoints the Commissioners. My own belief is that it would be much better to elect the License Commissioners in both rural and urban municipalities, for then it would be by a direct vote and those engaging in the contest would know what it meant and could not quarrel with the result nor claim that it had been backended by other issues such as must always influence voters in electing a County Council or members of the Legislature. If a county wanted as License Commissioners three temperance men who would enforce the law and award licenses according to the merits of the applicants and not the politics of the hotelkeepers, they could obtain them. Under the present system such a thing is impossible. In Toronto, where numerous and wealthy breweries, an immense distillery and a large number of liquor stores bring unusual pecuniary and numerical strength to the liquor party, it would be impossible to elect any but worthy men as License Commissioners. I have no doubt that if the temperance party nominated three first-class adherents of their cause that the general public would join in the movement and elect them by an overwhelming majority. If leaving the power in the hands of the people is a "pro-whisky move" then the people themselves must be a pro-whisky people, and if that be the case pro-whisky it must be, for in this, as in every other matter, the majority must continue to rule. That the people who are to be governed are anxious to be well-governed in this respect is but to admit that they know what is for their own good and have sense enough to be trusted with the management of it. The only weakness in Mr. Meredith's proposal is in not insisting that the Commissioners be elected directly by the people in every locality.

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Grip is out with a handsome spring number and its regular issue is embellished by a new colored cover and many internal improvements. There is no paper in the country truer to its ideal or more willing to make a sacrifice for principle than this same clever little *Grip*. We may not always agree with it but I for one admire the pluck, sturdy principles and conspicuous ability of that pleasant gentleman and talented artist, John W. Bengough.

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General Middleton seems to rest quite comfortably under the charge of looting furs in the North-West. The General has been honored by the home government and honused by our own because of his management, bravery or whatever you have a mind to call it, in the face of the enemy in the North-West. The poor soldiers who could not get their kit allowance and those who have been unable to get pensions rightfully theirs, feel that the money voted to him might have been more justly given to them, while many of the officers are not yet convinced that the honors heaped upon him might not have been divided up amongst men who have done more to win them. And now Mr. Bremner comes forward and states that he was an involuntary subscriber of about $5,000 worth of furs to General Middleton and a couple of his friends, and the "hero" of the campaign seems to feel no stigma cast upon him by the assertion. Those who are clamoring for the investigation, which Sir Frederick's self-respect should have demanded before these charges were an hour old, are certainly doing right and acting within their duty. If the so-called hero of the war, the recipient of a subsidy and a title, is willing to rest without having cleared his skirts of charges which mean nothing more honorable than pilfering, the country should make it a point to stir up his tardy dignity by some means which will compel a final settlement of the disgraceful rumors.

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Nothing but a bold organ and a resolute leader seems wanting to give the vague tendency (annexation) the form of a pronounced movement and turn the whispered heresy into an avowed creed.—*By stander for March.*

This is a plain manifesto, now who will be the leader and what paper the organ? What is to prevent Mr. Goldwin Smith from being the man and the *Globe* or *Mail* the organ? None of them would really have to make any radical change and it would be much more decent for the whole outfit to drop "whispered heresies" and come boldly out from under the barn.

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"Please describe your ideal pleasant social evening, for the benefit of your readers," a correspondent asks. Now that's a poser, isn't it? I have a nebulous idea of what I would describe as a pleasant evening, but if I were to try and tell what I consider a delightful or "a really charming" two or three hours, I might make a bad mistake and betray my narrow view of life. For this reason, I am about to ask you a favor: Write to me and describe your ideal? It won't take you very long and I promise to give my views on every point you suggest, that is, if you do not try to make fun of the thing. I wish I could start a little correspondence club, so that every week I might send out some little thing for consideration, selecting the brightest answers, or sections of them, for a column which I would be glad to start if encouraged a little bit. It wouldn't hurt some of my younger readers, or older ones who are not very busy, to write a couple of pages of foolscap a week, and I might give them little hints as to where they needed editing, and I'll promise not to be "smart" at the expense of anybody who is not the aggressor. Since I came home from my involuntary holiday, I have had many pleasant letters from people whom I never saw, and some of the things said really made me choke up and feel that it was a mighty good thing for me that people were kind-hearted and had no chance to find out how little I deserved their pretty words. Now, there are so many thousands who buy SATURDAY NIGHT, and I suppose read it, though some may skip my page, that I am convinced a few of them wouldn't mind exchanging ideas with me and helping me make these columns what I have always tried to make them—a reflex of what the majority of us think. Do you know—speaking confidentially now—if I knew you personally and asked you to be as frank with me as I always have been with you, I would have been severely snubbed. I have never stated here an opinion which was not my very own inside belief, and I know it has often antagonized yours. That I have succeeded so far in getting along with everybody and in pleasing so very many—I would be a churl to refuse to acknowledge that I am aware of the kindly opinion of many—has been in the fact that people do not expect a writer to be always pleasing or always right for that matter. If I could be always right and still be readable, I would not be working on a newspaper; I would be writing books and hymns for the angels. That I am so often forgiven when I am wrong I ascribe to two reasons. That it is not all important whether I am quite right or absolutely wrong so long as my opinion is honest, for any sort of an honest, intelligent opinion, right or wrong, helps towards a proper judgment and, secondly, because it is only once in a while a writer dares give an opinion on everything and it becomes of some interest to know what such a self-important person has to say. I think this sort of thing is one-sided and that some of you might write to me every week criticising, suggesting and giving me an opportunity of getting hold of the phase of opinion which you may chance to express. Write to me a time or two anyway.

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DEAR DOB,—A friend of mine informed me lately that you sanctioned the "Confessional." This, knowing your liberal views, I scarcely believed; but reading some of your late writings has left me rather in doubt. Surely you do not support the doctrine that, to escape future punishment, we must, where possible, confess and be absolved by a clergyman? Then as to people being relieved by telling their misdeeds to someone. Isn't it rather doubtful? One would think after making a mistake a person could with more confidence reform if it were unknown and practically obliterated. Of course, as with all rules, there are exceptions, such as murder or other grievous crimes, with an innocent person suffering or under suspicion this would naturally harass in their cold moments even the most hardened minds; but we do not find many cases on record of people making retribution and placing the guilt in the proper quarter, which is claimed to be indispensable in the confessional.

I have written more than I intended, and have not expressed myself quite as clearly as I would wish, but I think the advocacy of a confessional is a big step backward. Is the confidence of Our Father in Heaven all-satisfying, or merely mythical? Yours, LIBERAL.

The above letter proves that I did not make myself plain when reviewing Mr. Gladstone's views regarding the confessional three weeks ago. I am glad of an opportunity to explain. I was writing mostly about "weaklings," and the world is full of them—people who must lean on somebody else. For these to walk alone spiritually or morally is impossible. They have no confidence in their own judgment; they suspect their own ideas of right and wrong; they are like children, and have been further weakened by the prevalent idea that they must be led by the hand towards Heaven or somebody will get hold of them and lead them in the opposite direction. I believe they should be taught to believe in themselves and the responsibility which rests upon society in general is not to hold their hand, but to equip their mind that their judgment may not be wrong or their impulses wicked. The discipline of the Church of Rome was undoubtedly prepared for the weakling. When it was prepared the world was full of ignorance and nineteenth-century opportunities did not exist for educating and enlightening the people. The day has only dawned when in the great centers of population such complete opportunities have been offered and therefore the confessional and leading hand are not needed as they once were. The day is coming and is nigh when they will not be needed at all. But there should still exist, as I said in the previous article, opportunities to make confidences under proper religious auspices, for the world will never develop an unmixed race of giants who can feel content without asking advice on spiritual matters. When the confessional was a place where the penitent could confess to God in the hearing of a priest, whose office it was to suggest penance, reparation and reformation, no harm, but much good was done to the ignorant who often sinned blindly, but when the sinner failed to see further than the priest and confessed to him and not to God, the confessional became a hindrance, a barrier erected between man and his God. As such I have no use for the confessional in any system of religion, Anglican or Roman.

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I have only a little space, so for this week I must content myself with a definition of the province of confession. Confession to God is subjective not objective—that is, it does good to the one who confesses not to the one confessed to. God knows, before we begin to relate it, what we have done, it does Him no good to hear it, it is no sacrifice for us to tell it to Him for that involves no publicity. The benefit is derived by us from telling it because we must tell somebody. We know that He feels sorry for us but that will not benefit us unless we feel truly sorry for what we have done, and that involves reparation if it be possible to repair the wrong done. That publicity must be invited when we repair that wrong is absurd, it is of no benefit unless we believe in salvation by works and invite exposure as a penance. This I hold to be ostentatious and degrading when unnecessary and as having no part in procuring God's pardon. Many people hold—and the weaker they are the more strongly they adhere to it—that to die with a sin not publicly confessed is to elect to endure to the full extent future punishment for that sin. I do not believe there will be a fire and brimstone punishment for anybody, and, moreover, that humanly speaking confession unless to a worthy person for the purpose of asking advice is worthless if it be not to make reparation. If no reparation is possible, if the confession to a fellow-creature will right no wrong, it is useless to make it, indeed it may be a sin against others to do so. For instance, a man may be dying and being anxious about his soul, tells his wife and spiritual advisor and the newspapers about some crime he committed years ago. If his confession involves no one but himself and his family has no reputation to lose, it is his own business. But if he has a decent family it is a shame to disgrace them trying to propitiate God by acting like a coward. If it involves others who have perhaps repented in sackcloth and ashes and lived in the borderland of terror and shame for years, he sins against them and doubly acts the part of the cowardly fool. Of course if there is restitution to make he must make it or elect to appear in judgment burdened by his guilt, but unnecessarily exposing and disgracing others on a death-bed is one of the most contemptible attempts to win the favor of God by doing what even a loyal devil would refuse to do. Then briefly let me say that confession to a worthy fellow-creature, no matter who it may be—if under religious auspices so much the better—is valuable as a means of obtaining advice by which we may find proper means of escaping the present punishment of a sin, that punishment which within us and so surely follows wrong doing secondly, it is necessary to make confession when reparation or restitution cannot be effected without it. It is one's duty on a deathbed, as well as in life's work, to always do that thing which will cause the most happiness and the least misery.

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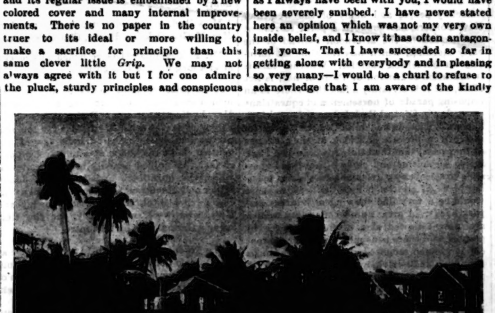
According to the public accounts, since 1872

The Eastern Parade and Sea Wall, Bay Street, Nassau

From Photo by Mr. Ernest Warrin. *See page 7.*



A Typical Little Home in Nassau.

From Photo by Mr. Ernest Warrin. *See page 7.*

we have been buying furniture and jim-cracks and things for Rideau Hall at the rate of some $35,000 per year. Think of it, dear sirs and fair mesdames! Ruminate for ten minutes by the clock on what $35,000 will buy for your house in the way of new taps for the wash basin and new carpets for the parlor! Go and ask Rogers & Son or the Allen Furniture Co. what their stock is worth and then figure how you could get it, or a reasonable section of it, into the largest house in Toronto and leave room for inhabitants. Figure up the value of your linen, and put on a new roof every year and paper the walls spring and fall and you will still wonder where $35,000 per annum can be wasted on Rideau Hall or any other hall. The inhabitants must gut the place every year or else the wine, beer and spirituous liquors, the grocery score and the milliner's bill are included. At the rate charged, in three years they could build as good a house as Mrs. Cawthra's—the most expensive in Toronto—and in another twelvemonth furnish it! Then remember when the next Governor comes this will have to be done all over again. The country pays in addition to this forty-eight odd thousands per year to the Governor to keep him and his in board and clothes! No Canadian taxpayer can afford to live at this rate, and it is not indecent for us to pull the string when a gentleman who never did anything for Canada either before or after he came, incurs bills which would knock our wealthiest and most valuable citizens cold and silly. Do the dear Stanleys, etc., eat furniture? Surely they must for they couldn't store the stuff in Rideau Hall which the country buys. Do we get any good out of the expenditure? Does it save our hall carpet or keep our dishes from breaking or the coal from running low? Patient masters, it is a shame to kick on vice-regal expenditure, but we are not backward in criticising our own domestic bills and therefore I feel privileged to squeal when I have to help pay such sums for carpets upon which I never walk and coals which never melt the snow off my overshoes. The public will therefore take notice that I will no longer be responsible for debts incurred by the Vice-Regals without my written order.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Toronto society in general is keeping Lent with fair rigor. The season itself was so broken by prevalent illness, that perhaps it is a little less hard for the dashing society belle to settle down to a hum-drum round of permitted Lenten galeties. Generally speaking, however, this cessation of social merriment is unusually marked; and several ladies have expressed to me their opinions, in varied degrees of emphasis, that they "do not remember so quiet a Lent in years." "It is quite a relief in a way," asserted one young girl, with a suspicion of a sigh, "for I am able to attend to a great deal of overdue calling and quiet visiting. Then I am ready to throw myself into the merry whirl after Easter with a paid-up visiting list and a delightfully easy conscience."

That the latter half of the season will be very gay is pretty thoroughly understood. There are thickening rumors of dances and inklings of balls, while the younger portion of society is on tiptoe with delightful expectancy of the jollity to come. No doubt the quiet is a beneficial change and a needed rest; and of course the demure little gray-gowned Lenten devotee will look all the lovelier in her bright gowns after a while. Soon the restful days of chiming bells, sombre hues and quiet cups of afternoon tea, with a little—a very little—of bright feminine chat, sometimes maliciously called gossip, will be gone and, I am afraid, half-forgotten, until another Lenten season is ushered in.

The guest list of the dinner at Government House on Wednesday evening comprised the following names: Hon. Arthur S. Hardy, Commissioner of Crown Lands; Prof. Ellis of University College; the Mayor of Toronto; Mr. William Houston, M. A., Librarian; Hon. Charles Drury, Minister of Agriculture; Mr. Arthur H. Sydere; Hon. Oliver Mowat, Attorney-General; Mr. Rivas Tully, Judge McDougall, Mr. Aubrey White, Assistant Commissioner Crown Lands; Prof. Mavor, fellder of University College; Mr. Robert G. Dalton, Q. C., Master-in-Chambers, and the following members of the Legislative Assembly: Mr. Thomas Blezard, Mr. Alfred Aventurel, Mr. Robert A. Lyon, Mr. John Fell, Mr. Isaac Master, Mr. Walter Meacham, Mr. John Leys, Mr. Donald Guthrie, Mr. H. E. Clarke, Dr. James McMahon, Mr. William P. Hudson, Mr. Andrew B. Ingram, Mr. George Hess, Mr. Falkner C. Stewart, Mr. A. F. Wood, Mr. William Garson, Mr. William Morgan, Dr. W. A. Willoughby, Mr. William C. Caldwell, Mr. J. I. Cruess, Mr. G. W. B. Snider, Mr. Alexander Robillard, Mr. William Kearns, Mr. Robert Ferguson, Mr. James S. Morin, Mr. John Blyth, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Archibald Bishop, Mr. William Mack, Mr. John Waters, Mr. George B. Smith, Mr. Hugh Smith, Mr. George F. Marter, Mr. James P. Whitney, Mr. Thomas Wylie, Mr. William Lee, Mr. James Clancy, Mr. James H. Metcalfe, Mr. Richard Tooley, Mr. Joseph Rorke, Mr. John Dryden, Mr. James W. McLaughlin, Mr. Isaac Gould, Mr. Charles Clarke.

Two bright-faced society girls were having luncheon down town one day this week, and a tangled flight of merry conversation fluttered across two tables to my ears. They had been shopping. They expected their brothers. They were hungry, and they were going to wait only five minutes longer. It grew close upon matinee time, and the energetic shoppers finally decided to have luncheon without "the boys." There was a gleam of silver bangles, and two brown heads bent over a bill of fare. They decided, wavered and finally gave the order. Then both leaned back and for a moment were still. Now a pair of brown eyes dances merrily and a gleeful voice says, "Here they are, Maud!" A little flutter, a warm welcome, two full-grown apologies and the brothers seat themselves. I saw them after at the matinee, and I thought of the convenience this system was—the inverse appropriation of brothers.

Miss Strange of Kingston, who has been visiting Miss Campbell for some time past, is to be a permanent guest at Government House.

Miss Michie gave afternoon tea to a number of friends on Friday, February 28.

Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie of Walmer road welcomed a party of friends to dinner on Thursday, February 27.

Mrs. Walter Cassels gave a dinner party on Thursday, February 27.

Mrs. Galbraith of Huron street welcomed a number of friends to an At Home on Wednesday last.

The Women's Enfranchisement League are working well just now. The proprietor of the Arlington has placed the parlors at their disposal, and an earnest, enthusiastic and determined company of women gather there and lay plans for the bettering of womankind. I can fancy consternation and a clamoring for political "pointers" on the part of some women should a law suddenly be enacted by which they were entitled to vote for one of two men, who are probably in the "six" and "half-dozen" list with regard to real goodness.

Miss Connie Jarvis of Charles street is visiting in Hamilton, where she is the guest of Mrs. Pringle.

Mrs. Nottingham of St. George street gave a luncheon on Thursday.

Mrs. Jennings of St. Vincent street entertained a number of friends on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. H. Beatty of Queen's Park gave a dinner party on Thursday evening.

A very delightful parlor concert took place on Wednesday evening at the Arlington Hotel. The selections were well chosen and mostly from favorite operas. This is the first of a series of weekly concerts.

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer gave a dinner party on Wednesday evening for Mr. David Macpherson, and also welcomed a number of friends to dinner on Thursday evening.

The average girl goes to church more regularly now, and, too, more thoughtfully. Some one suggested that now when minds were unusually quiet and restful, it would be well to remember that the eye of the Omnipotent could cast up the numbers of slaughtered birds on hats, even while the prayers came up from the wearers' lips.

Society people and many of the wealthier New Yorkers, now make it a point to ride at four o'clock in the afternoon instead of the early morning, which was the time set formerly for horseback exercise. Whether this is in imitation of London or Paris or not, is not plain, but it is certainly a fact that there is an imposing parade of horsemen and equestrians every day in Central Park between four o'clock and six. There is no "mile" where the horsemen can congregate and look at the carriages as they pass, and the bridle roads in the Park are so serpentine and elusive that it is impossible to select any particular stretch for a meeting place of all the horses. Otherwise there would be a very fine showing of hunters and park hacks. A great number of society women are now followed at a discreet distance by grooms, and there is usually a number of stout old gentlemen mounted on heavy-legged nags pounding industriously around the Park in pursuit of an appetite.

Among the recent additions to those making their homes at the Arlington Hotel are: Surgeon Major Keefer, late of the Bengal Army, and Mrs. Keefer, Mrs. and Miss Ferguson of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Parlane of Collingwood, Mr. and Mrs. Marks of Fort Arthur, Mrs. and Miss Labatt of London, Mr. and Mrs. Kelso of Belleville, Miss Wheeler of Boston, Prof. Ramsay Wright, Messrs. Donovan and Knox.

On the arrival of the s.s. Parthia at Yokohama at the beginning of February, Douglas Sladen and his party, who were here in the fall, went on board for six weeks' cruise in the China Seas to complete his examination of the C. P. R. route to the east for his book on the functions of Canada in the Empire. He will, all being well, visit Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai and Hong Kong, and perhaps Amoy and Foo Chow, and on his return to Japan will disembark at Kobe to visit Kioto, Nara, Ise, Nagoya, Osaka, etc., returning to Yokohama and Tokio overland. He expects to return to Canada in the summer and the United States in the fall. Owing to the proofs going astray Younger American Poets is still in the press, about half of the volume being printed.

Mr. Arthur Grassett and Mr. W. B. Bridgeman-Simpson sail to-day from New York on the Cunard ss. Aurania.

Mr. William Ramsay returns to Scotland, sailing to-day from New York by the Cunard ss. Aurania.

Misses Mowat, Burton and Greig of Queen's Park have been visiting in Hamilton, where they were the guests of Mrs. F. W. Burton.

The Boston *Beacon* says: "According to Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, 'The absence of an hereditary aristocracy, the absence of a court, the absence of tradition—the tradition of good-breeding—exposes our new society, in America, to embarrassing changes.' Well, a few changes in our new society would not be so embarrassing as agreeable. When Anser can have society based upon intellect, courtliness, goodness and freedom from affectation, instead of mere wealth and glitter and snobbery, it will be a temptation for cultivated, well-bred people to seek to enter rather than to avoid it."

There is in Wyoming a movement to tax bachelors. And there are male bipeds walking about out there who are willing to pay the tax and just mean enough to say that they will do it cheerfully in consideration of the freedom they enjoy.

On Tuesday Mrs. Alfred Mason of 441 Jarvis street gave a delightful afternoon At Home to a large circle of friends. Among those present I notice:: Mrs. Sweetman, the Misses Sweetman, Mrs. Roaf, Mrs. Torrington, the Misses Burns, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Percy Mason, Miss Amy Mason, Mrs. VanderSmissen, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Maclean, Miss Dixon, Mrs. H. E. Clarke, the Misses Clarke, Miss Stafford, Miss Mitchell, Miss Allie Mason, Mrs. Aikens and the Misses Aikens.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Taylor of Lansdowne avenue gave a very pleasant little party Tuesday evening. Among those who were present were: Miss M. Brown, Miss Rose, Miss Sharpe, the Misses Shaw of Brussels, Miss Natteworth, Miss Wilson, Miss J. Rose, the Misses Priestman, Miss Haney, the Misses Rogers, the Messrs. Harper, McCrae, Little, McKnight, McKay, Woodruffe, Shaw, Sangster, Kins, Pearce, Begg, Ferguson, Hargreaves and others. Progressive euchre and dancing were heartily participated in.

Miss Louise Sanders of Port Hope, who has been visiting friends in the city for the past three weeks, returned home Saturday.

Miss Sanderson sails to-day by the ss. Aurania for Europe.

Mrs. Herbert L. Clarke entertained a number of friends on Friday, February 28. Among the invited guests were Miss Annie Holmes, Miss B. Hatch of Whitby, Miss Ada Lowndes, Miss Helen Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Loudon, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Henderson, Miss Lillie Williams, Miss Kate Ryan, Miss Carrie Williams, Mr. Fred Dixon, Mr. Percy Bailey, Mr. Jack Chittenden, Mr. Jim Nicholson, Mr. Arthur Depew, Mr. Bernard Ryan, Mr. Fred Grey, Mr. Mont. Lowndes, Mr. Marshall Wells and others. Dancing was kept up until a late hour.

Miss Park of Amherstburg is the guest of Mrs. McGee, Oakham House, Church street.

Mr. F. Teviotdale has returned to the city after a long visit in Bracebridge.

A surprise smoking party of fifty gentlemen found their way to the residence of Mr. J. E. Hazleton of Bathurst street on Friday of last week. A surprise for the surprisers had been prepared by a few of the gentlemen, in the shape of a minstrel organization. All joined heartily in the merriment which the burnt-cork artists, Messrs. Jones, Miller and Thompson, produced, as well as the clever representations of Messrs. Cowley and Ross, who were, respectively, for the time being a German and an Irishman.

The Toronto Druggists held an At Home at the Ontario College of Pharmacy last evening. I may have more to say about the festivities of the knights of the mortar and pestle next week.

A quiet wedding took place on Monday evening, February 17, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, when Mr. C. Foxton Storey and Miss Josie Hopkins were married by Rev. John Pearson. The bride was attired in a traveling costume of terra cotta cashmere with trimmings of moire silk and velvet, and carried a bouquet of cream roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Emma Nolan and Miss Maude Jardine of Collingwood, niece of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Storey left on the 12 20 train for the west.

Art and Artists.

A writer in New York *Truth* has the following to say of Abbey: "When E. A. Abbey marries Miss Mead there will be no immediate danger of financial embarrassment for the young couple. The bride is lavishly dowered, besides which Abbey is in receipt of a steady salary of $5,000 a year from the Harpers. In addition to this the young artist sells from six to ten thousand dollars worth of water colors every year, and has just received a $40,000 commission to illustrate Shakespeare. Taking his average income at fifteen thousand a year, E. A. Abbey will be able to live comfortably enough in London, where he intends to make his permanent residence as a housekeeper and a married man. Like our neglected Frank Millet, young Abbey is a lion in English society. In this city we recognize no geniuses save the eating and dancing ones of McAllister's Four Hundred, and after earning fame and social honors abroad, Mr. Abbey is naturally disconcerted to find himself a complete nonentity in his native city. E. A. Abbey is the most distinguished example in our Bohemia of a sudden rise into financial and artistic prosperity. It is not many years since he was employed at a meagre salary by the American Bank Note Co. He carried his first picture under his arm to the National Academy of Design because he could not afford to send it by express. The picture was sold for $75, and, if I remember correctly, it was this sale that decided young Abbey to take a studio, and on this sum he depended for the rental of the room. He has a great name now and a handsome income for a young man not long past thirty. But I doubt if E. A. Abbey is any lighter hearted in his prosperity than he was twelve years ago when he religiously reserved a certain amount out of his earnings every week to make the rent sure, and after that was reserved safely, made merry with his chums over crackers, cheese and beer."

Mr. J. A. Radford, O.S.A., is to give a lecture at the rooms of the Toronto Architectural Sketch Club, corner Queen and Victoria streets, next Tuesday evening. The subject is An Architect's Trip Through France and Italy, and will be illustrated by some sixty stereoptican views, which have been prepared especially for the occasion. It is hoped that many architecturally and artistically inclined persons, other than members, will take this opportunity of visiting the rooms and becoming acquainted with the scope and objects of the club.

The Toronto Art Students' League held its annual meeting on Tuesday evening. A full attendance of the active members of the League, numbering about forty, was present. The retiring president Mr. W. D. Blatchley said a few words after which the reports of the secretaries and treasurer were read. These showed that during the past year the League has taken a wonderful stride in advance, a state of affairs for which credit must largely be given to the efforts of those gentlemen themselves. These were Messrs. S. M. Jones, R. Holmes and Wm. Bengough. The election of officers was the main business of the evening, and resulted as follows: Mr. Wm. Thomson, president; W. D. Blatchley vice-president; W. Bengough, treasurer; and Messrs. C. M. Manley and C. W. Jeffreys, secretaries. With such an efficient staff of officers, the league cannot but feel that its interests are in good hands, and that during the coming year it will not retrograde.

VAN.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The progressive euchre party at Mrs. Wm. Mackay's on Thursday evening of last week was wound up by a very enjoyable dance. The new house was very much admired by all. Among those present were: Miss Schreiber, Miss Ritchie, Miss Lay, Miss Gilmour, Miss Scott, Miss Smith, Miss Gordon, Miss Clarke, Miss Gisborne, Miss Sutherland of Woodstock, Miss Murphy and Miss Hesbach of Montreal, and Miss Sullivan Miss Smith and Miss Arthurs of Toronto, Messrs. Campbell, Drury, Gatsby, Schreiber, Ritchie, Stanton, Scott, Lay, Grant, Capt. Sparks and Mr. and Mrs. de St. Denis Lemoine, who shared with Mrs. Mackay the reception duties.

The snow shoe tramp at Mrs. Walker Powell's of Friel street, Friday evening last, resolved itself into an indoor romp, which everyone seemed much enjoyed. The Government House party were present in full force, of whom Capt. Richards was the life of the evening.

Mrs. Lake Marion of Daly avenue gave an afternoon tea on Friday at five o'clock.

There was no At Home at Rideau Hall on Saturday afternoon last, owing to the very unfavorable weather rendering skating and tobogganing out of the question, while the hall room could not be used owing to preparations going on for the concerts.

These concerts were given on Monday and Wednesday evening last, and very enjoyable entertainments they were. Mr. Dingley Brown, the director of the Canadian College of Music, and Mr. Smythe, Mus. Doc., were the caterers of the musical delicacies.

Mrs. Watters of Daly avenue gave an afternoon tea on Friday last.

Mrs. Andrew Fleck was At Home the other afternoon from four to six.

Mrs. Dawdney's Thursday evening At Homes are very largely attended.

The usual number of seasional and private dinners were given during the past week.

BARRIE.

Several afternoon teas were given recently and were so enjoyable and pleasant that it is likely that others will be given during this season.

Mrs. Wm. Gray of New York, who has been spending two weeks with her sister, Mrs. Jeffry McCarthy, returned home last Monday.

Mrs Schreiber and Miss Cotter, who have been visiting friends in Toronto for a few weeks, are home again.

Mrs. Wells had a very nice card party on Friday, February 28. Quite a number of young people were present and had a delightful evening.

Mr. C. H. Crease, who has been attending the School of Dental Surgery in Philadelphia, is home for vacation.

Miss Edith Spotton has returned home again after a pleasant visit in Toronto and Lindsay.

Miss Maud Crompton of Brantford is the guest of Mrs. Alexander McCarthy.

Miss Noble of Collingwood has been visiting at Mrs. Wells' recently.

Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler entertained a few friends at dinner last Saturday evening.

Mr. Houston of Toronto spent Sunday in town and was the guest of Mrs. Baker of Sunnyside.

Mr. Cotter of Rock Forest had a very pleasant visit party last Tuesday evening.

Mr. Harry Henderson of the Bank of Commerce of Seaforth spent a few days in town this week.

OCULAIRE.

BELLEVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Warrington have sailed for Europe.

Mr. George D. Dickson, who has been seriously ill for some time, is so far convalescent as to be able to attend to his office for a few hours each day.

Miss Caswell is visiting relatives in New Brunswick, and will not return to Belleville until May.

Mrs. A. F. Wood, Madoc, was in town last Saturday.

Mr. George Herchimer of Woodstock is on a visit to Mrs. Herchimer, Kingston Road.

Mr. H. Hungerford of Montreal and Mr. H. Ross of Molsons Bank, Morrisburg, were in town last week.

Mr. J. H. Simpson was in Toronto for a few days last week.

Mrs. J. C. Jamieson, daughter of Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, is visiting friends in St. Catharines.

Miss Hawley of Bath is the guest of Mrs. George Stewart.

Miss Rathbun of Deseronto is the guest of Mrs. John Bell.

He Achieved Greatness.

Miss Redingote—No, Aunt Brindle, I am not engaged. When I marry it will be a great man.

Mrs. Brindle (doubtfully)—Well, I dunno. You can't always tell how a man will turn out. Now, there's Jonah.

Miss Redingote—You don't mean to say Uncle Brindle has ever distinguished himself!

Mrs. Brindle—Well, I'll tell you what he did. I sent him down to the store with a ribbon the other day and he matched it!—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Her Lorgnette.

A year or two ago it was
A cut-glass vinaigrette
That did great execution for
This thoroughly-paced coquette.
Her dainty sniff, her languid air
Were fetching—q lle—and yet,
Effective as they proved, were naught
To this corn.o: lorgnette!

There's none that understands so well
The flirt's whole alphabet
As she; and so attention calls
To eyes and ankles
And with *malice prepense* she makes
A man's poor heart upset
By deftly twirl ing—glancing through
That swagger shell lorgnette.

And so when on me turns that toy
She has me in her net,
And when I meet those lovely eyes
I my own name forget.
I love her—from her silken head
To her small shoe's rosette;
I love e'en her "near-lightedness"
And wicked shell lorgnette.

EDITH SESSIONS TUTTLE in *Judge.*

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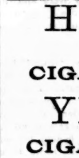
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Boudoir Gossip.

A woman who is profusely apologetic is a bore. To talk of one's regrets at this and that and a dozen other things, is very trying to the unhappy listener. There are women who begin to excuse things in general, in the latter half of the minute in which they greet you; and they fling their apologies about during your entire stay. They excuse the dinner, apologize for the square inch of undusted table behind the lamp, beg you to overlook the ink-stain under the sofa, and regret the existence of the mouse-hole behind the piano. It makes me fairly ill. My nervous system is reduced to one thread which twangs in a most distressing fashion under the blundering hands of the apologizing hostess.

I daresay this bore is a mixture of ignorance and false pride. It is rather hard to assign a special cause for such proceedings, but the desire to better things which are in their usual condition, must be false pride, and the display and possession of such a trait of character is undoubtedly ignorance.

I have in my mind a gentlewoman whose household machinery might go to everlasting ruin before she would pour out apologetic woe to her guests. She is ever the same—quiet, dignified and entertaining. If breakfast is late, the servant is admonished, but the guests are spared harrowing details of dead coals or wet kindling. All honor to the gentle household guide who entertains in other ways than by exposing worn cog-wheels and bringing to sight seams with slipped stitches.

•

Regarding the clipping from the *Lady's Pictorial*, which I called attention to last week, I notice that in the current number the writer states that some one has taken her to task about the green satin and diamonds for a breakfast toilette. She replies that her observations of American women at Paris justify her in holding that they dress far less simply than Englishwomen. In conclusion she rather lamely states that she "saw a very similar toilette worn by an American lady in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel at noon." I will admit almost anything with regard to the flashiness and dashiness of our friends over the border, but in the name of common justice I draw the line at green satin and diamonds at breakfast.

•

The "pretty milliners" have been in town this week, and carried off bundles and bundles of fashions stored away in their brains, for the use of clever fingers by-and-by. It is quite a well-recognized fact that bonnets are shrinking. The shrinking almost alarms one, too, for much diminution will result in bonnets composed of one flower and two finger-lengths of ribbon.

One can peer and peep and prophesy, but no one knows what is going to please the people until the people decide the question. In a very short time the new goods will be in. The dreams and fancies of far-off brains, and the cunning of practiced hands have joined to make this spring's fashions particularly brilliant in color and exquisitely dainty in fabric. Like the shepherd's small boy, I merely chuckle while I shake my head and gravely say with portentous emphasis, "Just you wait!"

•

Yellow jonquils and purple violets are favorite flowers at the present moment.

Home gowns for the early spring are made very simply, without bustles or loopings and with a slight train.

Birds, bees, butterflies and other insects in the act of flight are embroidered in jet and tinsel all across the bodices and skirts of new ball gowns.

Draped tablets of silk form novel fronts to tartan wool gowns.

White cloth gowns, in dressy styles, braided in gold and silver are in high favor for ball dresses abroad.

•

I do admire a man or a woman who is candid—truly candid. When I hear a young girl say without a blush and with seemingly a little pride, "I've a very hot temper which is always getting me into scrapes," I admire her truthfulness, but I feel a little disappointed and want to talk with her, which I shall proceed to do: You see, my dear, to be a perfect woman one must hold the reins tight. Every one admires a well-controlled person. A cultivated coolness is of inestimable value with regard to health, the good of those around, and not least—one's own self-respect. It may be a very selfish way to look at things, but I do like to deny any one sufficient power over me to make me lose my self-control. I like to defeat them in their efforts to flush my face with passion or loosen the stay-chains of my tongue. It is an immense satisfaction to me to be sure that my voice is, at least, one key lower than usual; and I can wreathe a genuine smile about my lips when the baffled antagonist refers in high-voiced compliment to my oily tongue. Try it. It is just about as much fun as you can get free in this world, and besides I'll guarantee it excellent practice in the art of keeping cool.

CLIP CAREW.

Church Talks.

A copy of the *Sentinel*, the paper of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, has been sent me, together with a kind letter by the Rev. Stuart Acheson, who is co-editor of the journal.

A well inked paragraph attracted my attention, and I read it with much interest. It was a plea for congregational singing—and it poked fun at the domineering choirs of to-day. The writer voiced a longing for the good old days when the minister ruled the precentor, while he led the singing, and it expressed strong disapproval of the present method by which the choir rules both pastor and congregation, and ruins the singing. There is an element of humor in that last, which highly amused me.

The idea of a learned doctor of divinity and a large and able-bodied congregation being ruled by a row of vocalists, came to my mind and brought excessive merriment in its train.

Of course a choir can make itself a real hindrance to charitable feelings; and the question of seats does sometimes lead to exaggerated statements in stage whispers, but after all there can not be more sympathetic or grander song service than that led by chosen voices, and through which the melodious organ notes vibrate and swell and sink into lingering tenderness.

I can imagine one place of worship where I would prefer the absence of artificial music, and that is in a grove.

In the simple outdoor service, the light and shade, the birds, flowers and streams would plead for Nature's voice alone. In every other place, at every other time, the roll of the organ is to me like a bugle-call. That is only the side which may be called the sentimental. The other phase of the question is the aid to effective, in-time singing, which organ and choir certainly are.

How the words chase each other from pew to pew; how they flounder and stumble and press on, in spite of the one well-trained and powerful voice which vainly tries to guide the faltering or obstinate voices upon the recognized psalm-road.

If the choir is, in the future, to govern pulpit and pew and put the musical laws to death, some of us would be willing to allow them to try it, and would hope for the continuance of organs and trained vocalists to make more artistic and more pleasing that grand part of the worship—the song-service. ETELKA.

The Duc d'Orleans.

This is an excellent portrait of the young prince who recently got himself into trouble by violating the law which debars him or any of the heirs of French royalties from the republic of France. The young prince has, however, done well. The one deadly sin of royalties nowadays is that they are so commonplace and pro-air, they excite no enthusiasm because they run no risk. There is something rather fine about the princely boy's sudden apparition before the startled Ministers demanding to be allowed the honor of serving France as a private soldier. Of course he knew it would be in vain. The law is precise. Not only does it forbid him to stand on French soil, but a separate article declares that the members of any families which have reigned in France shall be unable to enter the army.

Not a Petruchio.

He—Say, dearest, will you be mine?
She—Will you always let me have my own way?
He—In everything.
She—And let me live with us?
He—Willingly!
She—And give up your latch key?
He—I'll sink it in the depths of the river.
She—And leave all your clubs?
He—Every one.
She—And always come home to tea?
He—Always.
She—Ah, then I'm afraid you'd be a bit too soft for me!—*The Jury.*

Thought He Had 'Em

Farmer Starscale—I knowed I staid at Bill Simmons' saloon too long! Hel-l-p!"

Bill Simmons' Boy—That feller must be a big fool. He left the demijohn of whiskey dad gin him, an' I can't ketch him all I can do.—*Judge.*

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AMEN!

A Boarding House Chronicle.

"It is a strange thing. Sometimes when I'm quite alone, sitting in my room with my eyes closed, or walking over the hills, the people I've seen and known, if it's only been for a few days, are brought before me and I can see their pedigrees see them look and move almost plainer than I ever did when they were really with me so as I could touch them."

It wasn't her real name, of course—that was Smith. But Soubrette had one day laughingly called her Miss Pernickity, and so admirably did the nickname suit her prim little person that we, the artist, the author and the auctioneer, her fellow boarders—adopted it then and there; and Miss Pernickity she remained to the end of the chapter.

She was a wee little body, scarcely coming up to Soubrette's shoulder, and she was by no means tall; but upon those rare occasions when she saw fit to assert herself, Miss Pernickity had a manner of drawing herself up and gazing disdainfully down upon the world in general that a duchess could not have rivalled. What her age was none of us could guess, past forty, probably, for although there was still a faint bloom on her cheeks, crow's feet were evident, and her once brown hair was heavily streaked with gray.

There were lots of other boarders at Number Fifteen, for the fame of our landlady's table had extended to all sides of the square; but we four and Miss Pernickity formed a little coterie of our own, and while always maintaining a bowing acquaintance with the balance of the household, kept ourselves to ourselves in a great measure. She had been in possession of the second floor front for some time before the rest of us put in an appearance, and, apart from her thoroughbred bearing and prim, old-fashioned manners, it was the air of mystery, surrounding her like a halo, that first attracted our attention.

No sooner had our trunks been moved in than Soubrette waylaid the landlady, and by a means peculiarly her own elicited information with regard to the boarders in general and our end of the table in particular. Presently she burst into the room which was to be the common property of myself and her brother, the auctioneer, fairly bristling with gossipy tidings.

"Boys," she cried, throwing herself into our solitary arm-chair, "what do you think? Where's Dick?" Dick was the author, whom we had just despatched to purchase a package of tacks. "He needn't search any longer for an idea. Here's one he can study as he sips his coffee at breakfast, and enlarge upon while he is waiting for his soup to cool at dinner. That sweet little lady who sits opposite me—you noticed her? Well, she's the mystery, and an impenetrable one at that. Her name is Smith; that's prosaic enough, I'm sure, and probably won't take Dick's fancy. But there's nothing prosaic about her. She's an awfully odd little creature—screw loose somewhere, you know, but impossible to state just where; very exclusive, knows no one but that old Spanish lady with the eyeglass—never goes out, has a dog and a parrot—its name is Perkin Warbeck—never receives any visitors, and she always pays her board bill in big silver dollars, and where they come from goodness only knows, for she never draws a cheque and hasn't received a letter since she's been here. She doesn't believe in greenbacks, won't have anything to do with them, in fact; and when the servants do errands for her and there happens to be any change—and there always is—it's cents, dimes or half dollar pieces—she either makes them keep it or else throw it into the waste basket. Did you ever hear of such a thing? I must get acquainted with her! I shall lay siege to her heart this very night and bring all my wiles to bear—just see if I don't!"

And the little witch proved true to her word; what is more, so successfully did she storm the citadel that within three days time not only was she fully installed in the quaint little woman's affections, but she had even gained marked favor in the eyes of Perkin Warbeck and the poodle. And just a week later she burst into our room holding aloft in triumph a yellow basket adorned with pretty colored ribbons, which she hastened to inform us was in future to be known as Miss Pernickity's money box.

"I've found out where she hides her money," she exclaimed. "It's in one of her stockings which she keeps hanging in her closet among her old dresses. She has evidently grown so careless of her money that she shuffles and shoves it about from place to place, and I'm sure she will throw any more of her small change away, but to drop it into this instead. There's a slit in the cover, you see, and just look at the sweet little pucker! I am to keep the key of it, you know, and—well, we shall see what we shall see!"

And off she scampered to Miss Pernickity's room where, on the hearth rug, with her little feet tucked under her, tailor fashion, she began to con over her part in the new burlesque.

My own introduction to Miss Pernickity was brought about in an entirely different manner. I was coming down-stairs rather early one morning, making as little noise as possible, so as not to disturb the household, when the door at the other end of the passage was opened cautiously, and Miss Pernickity, holding a tooth brush in her hand, came toward me on tiptoe.

"Pardon me, sir," she said in a gracious little bow, "but have either you or your friend such a thing as a piece of plain brown Windsor? I have other soap, but for my purpose brown Windsor is imperatively necessary, and my cake has been mislaid. It's for Perkin Warbeck, you know."

Much amused and not a little mystified, I hurried in search of the desired brand of soap. Luckily I found a cake. She thanked me for it most profusely, and then asked if I would mind coming in and lending her a little assistance, as Perkin Warbeck was sometimes inclined to be obstreperous while undergoing this course of chastisement.

She led the way into her apartment, the windows of which were wide open, and the jingle of the street cars scurrying along the avenue, and the twitter of the birds in the park trees, was borne in upon us. It was the oddest room for a boarding-house that ever I saw. On the mantelpiece stood two bouquets of waxen flowers under a glass case, and above them an execrable chromo, all unmistakably of the boarding house variety of housey. But in one corner a great old "grandfather's clock" was ticking away as solemnly and with as great an air of importance as if it had ever ticked in the fine old hall from whence it came originally; and there were brackets with cups and saucers and jugs of all sorts upon them which, one could see at a glance, were really valuable. These, and the little bookcase with its rows of well-thumbed volumes, were Miss Pernickity's private property.

"I cannot understand Perkin Warbeck at all lately," she began, advancing to the table upon which, in his gilded cage, the delinquent was confined. "As a rule he is exceedingly genteel, far above the ordinary run of parrots. But during the last few days really his vocabulary has been increasing at a most alarming rate. And such expressions! Where, I ask you, sir, in confidence, could he have picked them up?"

Our bedroom and Miss Pernickity's adjoined, and sadly it flashed upon me that certain high words and rather boisterous songs which, in the privacy of our sanctum, we and a few kindred spirits had indulged in a night or two previous, might in some measure be responsible for Warbeck's sudden fluency. But I kept my own counsel upon this score merely remarking that parrots in their youth were not unfrequently thrown into rather mixed company, and were then quite often known to absorb phrases which they might not see fit to utilize verbally for a long time—even years afterward.

"Ah, yes, true enough, she replied. "But that is not the case with Perkin Warbeck. To be sure I did buy him from a sailor; but before doing so I was most particular to inquire about his antecedents, and the sailor assured me that his mother, apart from being the most exemplary of birds, had been reared in the royal aviary at Brazil. Do you see that his pedigree is quite above reproach; besides," she added, "if in those days he had picked up such expressions he would naturally have given vent to them in another tongue. But the words he made use of were unmistakably English—Billingsgate, in fact."

"But," I suggested I, "might he not have picked them up aboard ship? A sailor's vernacular is not over choice, you know."

"So I have been told. As answered, "and I made that very remark to the man from whom I bought him. He was quite honest about it, and admitted that it was perfectly true. But he assured me that I need have no fear on that score as far as Perkin Warbeck was concerned, for from the day they set sail from Rio Janeiro the bird had been under his personal supervision, and, fearing that it might possibly pick up low expressions, throughout the entire voyage he had kept its cage shaded with a thick wool. No," she sighed, gazing mournfully at the subject of her discourse, who seemed in no measure cowed by the imputation, "I'm afraid it's a case of heredity from his father's side of the family. I dare say it runs in the blood. But he must be punished, nevertheless.

Thereupon, without further parley, the tooth brush having been liberally coated with brown Windsor, Perkin Warbeck underwent a thorough cleansing—not, however, without sundry squeaks, splutterings and wing-flaps upon his part.

"Yes," she exclaimed, sinking into a low rocking-chair, "I must confess that Perkin Warbeck is the one trouble of my life, the one active thorn, you know. Of course we all have our passive thorns—old wounds which come agape now and then. But Warbeck is always doing something so exasperating. And, sir, as for stubbornness—oh, my dear sir, you have no idea what a stubborn disposition his is. Do you know that for two days now I have been trying to teach him to say 'amen' at our family prayers, and he positively refuses to do it! Do you know that he can say it as far it there! but not a syllable nearer will he go. Anything but that I can teach him in a day or two. Now Skit-a-wah-boo!—pointing to the little poodle that was sunning himself by the window—"is so different. He is such a reverential little creature, always puts his head down and behaves himself beautifully.

"Skit-a-wah-boo!" I exclaimed, only too delighted to grasp this opportunity of exhibiting my knowledge of the Indian tongue. "Why, that's the Indian word for whisky, is it not?"

"Yes; it was the mayor called him that," she answered; and her eyes strayed to a little portrait which stood upon the mantelpiece, the portrait of a gentleman in English regimentals. "I thought it scarcely a nice name myself; I thought it might prove flesh-wounding, you know. But," she added quite seriously, "he always wears a blue ribbon as an addendum."

When I gave the other fellows an account of my interview they lost no time in making the acquaintance of my eccentric little friend. Before long her room became a general rendezvous for us late in the afternoon. First one of us would drop in, and then another, until all our little circle had gathered, when Jack would make tea for us in the quaint old teacups, and we on our part would recount to her the day's doings. Of an afternoon she took very little interest in what was going on outside. The Park represented her little world, and she once more became quite lively in appearance. Skit-a-wah-boo in her lap, watching the children at play there, and the great clocks of St. George's on the far side of the square.

Coming in one rainy afternoon and finding her sitting thus, I remarked that the faces of those great dials must seem to her quite like old friends.

"Friends!" she exclaimed. "Oh, dear me, no! Acquaintances, if you like, for I must confess that they have been my only diversion of late. Skit-a-wah-boo and I quite frequently take bets as to which of them will make the hour first. Sometimes it's really very exciting; but do you know, I have a singular fancy that the matter hour far ahead the one may seem to be of the other at the half hour, they invariably come in a tie. Now, we never seem to think of us to pass the time, but I should never dream of calling them friends for all that. With me, you know, friends are only a class apart from others, but it is the first rudiment of friendship. Upon closer inspection I am sure that I should find them cobwebby; for just think, my dear sir, what an age they must have been in place to allow the housemaids to touch; and such a funny little figure as she cut when armed with her mammoth duster, her head enveloped in a spotless white cotton cap, her skirts so sufficiently tucked up to exhibit the least suspicion of red flannel petticoat.

As time went on, we grew more and more friendly; somehow the quaint little lady crept into all our hearts. Throughout the wear and tear of our busy, busy world we looked forward to the hour of that quiet half hour before the dinner bell ran when Miss Pernickity was at home; the author would bring his manuscript to read to her from the MS. he was scarcely prepared to let even his wife see, and call her "my child" still, just as she used to in the old days.

"Such a dear, bright little sunbeam she is!" she exclaimed, one day, as Soubrette hurried off to a rehearsal. "You have no idea of how that child has twined herself around my heart. And yet she tells me that she is a ballet girl, and dances in short skirts. I was brought up to think of an actress quite as a thing apart—a mysterious business it was at all times to look pretty and to amuse her audience for two hours and a half each night. As for her private life—well, that was usually taken for granted. But if there are many of them like her—" She stopped, and catching sight of Soubrette's little figure hurrying across the Park she kissed her hand to her, then remarked: "I never need Lamentations now."

"And who, pray, is Lamentations?" I asked.

"Oh, haven't you made his acquaintance yet?"

She went to her bureau and brought forth a white bundle wrapped up in an old silk handkerchief, scented with sprigs of lavender, which upon opening disclosed a remarkably handsome Angora cat.

"This was my consolations," she explained with a deep sigh, spreading it out very carefully upon her lap and stroking the fur. "He died, young. The mayor gave him to me, you know, and I used to call him and Skit-a-wah-boo my twins. When he died I had his skin preserved as you see; and when I got very lonely and blue I like to spread it out on my lap for a little while, and then, you know, I have only to shut my eyes and I can imagine that he is here in the flesh. I enjoy it because it brings back the old times, but it makes Skit-a-wah-boo dreadfully jealous."

Here was my opportunity. Notwithstanding her intimacy with us all, and the love she bore Soubrette, upon the subject of her previous life, her family and family, she maintained a complete silence. It was only by such chance remarks as this that we could gain any clew to her history.

"And the mayor?" I inquired suddenly looking up. "Was he a great friend of yours?"

She did not reply for a moment, seemed to be weighing her words. A look crept into her face that I had never seen there before

"No," she said at last, softly, "we were more than friends; we were—sweethearts."

"And is he dead?"

She had been gazing at the portrait with a wonderful look of tenderness in her great brown eyes, but as I put the last question to her she turned away quickly with a bitter little laugh.

"That depends entirely on how you look at it. To me—yes, he is dead, but to the world in general, to his children—for he has left children still lives and breathes and has his being, I believe. But come, let me look at that picture of yours. Ah, yes, that is very, very pretty—admirable!" And that was all that we ever learned of her past. I have often blamed myself since, that I did not make greater efforts to discover who really was and from whence came Soubrette. But she was one of those women who with all their kindness of heart and geniality will brook no interference; and I am now fully convinced that, except when some familiar article or chance remark recalled her old life to her, she was quite oblivious to it, had forgotten it, in fact.

One December morning Soubrette came to me with a very long face.

"I don't know what is to be done," she said. "Miss Pernickity's funds are getting awfully low. All the money she has in the world is in that stocking, and she will not trust even to the toe. And she takes it as calmly as can be; she hasn't the least idea of the value of money. I have a little more than seven pounds in the money-box. I'll change that into silver and slip them into the stocking. But that won't last forever, and afterwards—Dick, I can't bear to think of it!" She buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

Well, of course we at once called a family council; and though we saw no possible means of accomplishing it—for in those days none of us were sufficiently well off to bear the additional expense, and the mere idea of it would have proved almost more than we could manage—we one and all vowed that as long as Miss Pernickity cared to occupy the "second floor front," should be at her disposal; and we immediately set to work to do what we could toward carrying out our plan. The author, who, by the way, was another Dick Swiveller, cast his pet theories to the four winds of heaven, and concocted a tale so gory that it was promptly accepted and handsomely paid for. On Sunday *Venus;* the auctioneer devoted his Saturday afternoons for a whole month to the good cause, tendering his services to private families at a slight discount on regular rates; I painted a picture, which, sad to relate! failed to find a purchaser; and Soubrette, although from her wonder earnings her contribution was perforce but small, told the whole story so pathetically to a bevy of her companions, one night, behind the scenes, that there was a collection taken up on the spot, the leading lady, who had been standing within earshot, heading the list with an amount which by itself would have insured the room to Miss Pernickity for at least two months to come. And she was ably seconded by the *premier danseuse*, who, before continuing her performance found it necessary to have her "make up" retouched about the eyes; and even the heavy villain seemed touched for a rule of six.

And so it came about that the stocking received such a liberal reimbursement that it once more became quite lively in appearance.

The winter passed quickly and happily, and before we knew it, spring was once more here, and our little circle was plunged in the depths by the news that Miss Pernickity was going away. In vain we expostulated, urged, entreated; even to Soubrette she turned a deaf ear. It was impossible she should go, she said; Skit-a-wah-boo had been ailing for some months past, and Perkin Warbeck was growing daily under the weather. The Park, in its constant rush and whirl, had proved too much for them; they would all be the better for a change of air; that was all they needed—plenty of air. They would go to some quiet spot for a month or so, and then they would come back to us—oh, most assuredly they would come back to us! But where she was going she would not say; in fact, up to the night previous to her departure she told us that the place was quite settled as yet; and she had her trunks marked simply: "Miss Smith—To be called for."

Soubrette was literally in despair. Miss Pernickity was to leave some time on Saturday, but she had not decided at what hour. All of us expected to be unusually busy that day; Soubrette especially, we knew, had a rehearsal in the morning and the matinee performance almost immediately afterward would not have a moment to spare until almost dinner time; so we had arranged that one of the servants should see her on board the train and discover her destination.

Late on Friday evening we went up to bid her good-by. The room looked strange and bare to us, for most of her knick-knacks had gone away in the cases, Perkin Warbeck still ticked solemnly in the corner. Miss Pernickity was at work on a cover for Warbeck's cage when we entered.

"Oh, I am so delighted that you have come!" she exclaimed. "But why were you not here ten minutes ago? Dick's last—at least he has actually done it! Perkin Warbeck has said 'Amen!'"

Great were our congratulations upon this triumph of long and persevering patience over unmitigated stubbornness, and so elated did Miss Pernickity become that she declared she almost felt induced to try a little prayer over again, so that Perkin might have an opportunity of exhibiting his fluency in public.

Then—not all none of us ever knew just how it was brought about—but presently we found ourselves upon our knees, and Soubrette in her fresh, young voice was offering up a prayer to Heaven that Miss Pernickity might be safely guarded through the perils of her journey and soon brought back to us again. It was a simple, rather clumsily worded petition, and there was a grammatical error in it; but it came straight from the heart, and though Perkin Warbeck refused to endorse it with his newly acquired word, our response to it was none the less fervent, and there were tears in our eyes as we bade Miss Pernickity good-by and left the two women together.

When I came home about five o'clock the next afternoon I found Soubrette awaiting me at the foot of the stairs. She looked very pale, and her hands trembling.

"Is that you, Jack! Oh, I'm so glad! I've been waiting a perfect age for one of you to come in. It's so strange about Miss Pernickity. She has not gone yet, the servants say; but when I knocked just now I got no answer. You don't think—Oh, Jack, suppose—"

She broke off suddenly, but I read the rest of the sentence in her startled eyes. I took her hand within my own and we took the door and knocked. Then, as I received no answer, I turned the handle and looked in.

The windows were wide open, and the jingle of the street car bells was borne in to us as on that April day a year ago when I had first made her acquaintance. Only then it was early morning; the sun was rising, and children's voices had mingled with the outdoor clamor; but although many pedestrians, homeward bound, were now hurrying through the park, there was but one little child in sight. It lay fast asleep on one of the benches, and its doll had fallen to the ground; and between the gaunt towers of St. George's there was a ruddy flush telling of sunset.

There were the trunks ready-corded and labelled; on the table stood the bird-cage, enveloped in its new covering; and there in the arm-chair by the window sat Miss Pernickity. She had her little black bonnet on, and her old-fashioned, wide sleeved cloak. A breeze blew in upon her and coquetted with one of her prim little curls. One hand rested carelessly upon "Lamentations" in her lap, and in the other she held the end of Skit-a-wah-boo's chain, while he lay on the window-sill, dozing. And Miss Pernickity, she too slept; but hers was the sleep that knows no waking here on earth.

Soubrette was at her side in an instant; and as I crossed the floor to draw back the curtains, roused Perkin Warbeck from his reverie. He sullenly flapped his wings, then shrieked querulously forth:

"Amen!"

Against Crape-Wearing.

This is the way it came about.

Mary and I had been having one of our old-fashioned chats, which are with us the spontaneous outcome of peculiar circumstances.

Mary and I are two middle-aged women; we have seen life in all its aspects, have hoped, feared, sorrowed, rejoiced, had losses, disappointments and lasting griefs, and through all have kept up our schoolgirl friendship. If Mary drops in, as she is at liberty to do at all hours, and finds me busy at my desk, she has fore from experience that I am just inspired to give "our girls" some advice, and trips quietly away without a word to me. If she finds me—as to-day—sitting in a reflective mood before my bright grate fire, she knows too, from experience, that I am approachable. Wise woman that she is! She sees the opportunity to interest me in some of her practical plans for helping our fellow-women over rough places in the journey of life. To-day she is full of sympathy for "those poor Browns."

"How," she said, "can those poor girls, out of their small earnings, provide for funeral and mourning expenses? Their mother's long illness has been a great tax upon them, and now when they are so broken-hearted about losing her, it seems dreadful to be obliged to face these matters. If they would allow me to manage it for them it would be an easy matter, but they would only be hurt were I to suggest such a thing. It would be like a christy funeral; and they have so much proper feeling. Perhaps you would suggest some anonymous present, would you, dear?"

And Mary turned her pleading eyes in my direction. Mary has faith enough in her old friend to know that I will help her, but she also knows that I will in my own way, and what that way will be she does not always know.

I put my hand in my pocket straightway! No, I did not—I opened my mouth instead, seeing which, Mary, who is a patient creature, made the best of the situation and sat back into the luxurious depths of a cosy chair and toyed with her teacup, while I gave rein to my fancy.

"Mary," I said, "I suppose you have a vague recollection of a fable about a Lion that got caught in a net; how he gnashed it with his teeth, gave mighty heave with his powerful paws, made the forest ring with his roars, but with no effect, the net enveloped him still. A humble little field mouse, attracted by his cries, nibbled a mesh and he was free—and let us hope, grateful. Woman envelopes in the net of custom needs a little mouse to nibble a mesh or two that she may escape.

"Oh that I might be that mouse and take a little nibble at the net—mourning customs."

"Why not?" Mary said, "you are always nibbling away at something in that field. Suppose you write something for the papers, it might do some good—girls of the present day are so sensible."

"I have thought of that, dear, for you well know how often we have talked of it and how I have longed time after time to lift up my feeble voice against the sinfulness of a custom which throws many families into financial difficulties only to add to their troubles."

"Quite true, dear," said Mary. "I know of many cases to prove it."

"Of course you do," I went on.

"When our hearts are bowed with woe custom demands attention, our weary bodies, hearts and streaming eyes, we are obliged to come out of our sanctuary and become mere puppets in the hands of dressmakers and milliners. They lay down the law for us and say first 'how deep' our mourning is to be, how many yards of crape we must wear, how long our veils shall fall, how high lifted, and when discarded.

"If any woman with decided views of her own carries them out she is dubbed ignorant, eccentric or wanting in proper respect for the departed relative."

"Our Lord when on earth admonished those who mourned to do so 'in secret,' and disapproved of sackcloth and ashes; so we have rushed to the opposite extreme. How would He look upon the outward symbols now?"

"Crape, one of our costliest materials, and quite unsuited to our climate, combined with expensive woolen goods of ebon hue envelope us in place of sackcloth. Where is the consistency? Do we not still parade our woe?"

"Perhaps the inventor of crape had another object," said Mary. "He may have intended turning the mourner's thoughts from his loss to his attire. If so, he has been most successful, for it is a constant source of anxiety from the time it is donned until doffed. How many pretty faces wear frowns of worry and perplexity if their owners are caught in a shower or a flurry of snow, and one hears the remark my crape will be ruined, nine times out of ten so of course it is foolish, unless one has a carriage, to wear it at all."

"Just as foolish as it would be for us to wear silk for every birth, and velvet for every wedding among our relatives, did custom demand it," I replied. "What we want is common sense in regard to this matter. One woman, or half-a-dozen women, can do little to change a custom, but I have great faith in the power of the press and in leagues."

"How do you think it would do to start a league, to be called The Anti-Crape League, right here in Toronto, and get women to join it, pledging themselves, rich and poor, to simplify mourning in some way possible? It will not help the Browns to day, dear, but it may help the future generations of Browns, and keep the poor, hard-worked in so many quarters, out of our homes and theirs, and I feel sure God's blessing would rest upon it," said Mary.

Now, this was quite a long speech for Mary to make, for she is a quiet listener, and I think that is why we get on so well. Having made this little speech, she got up and put down her teacup, and walked over to my bookcase, saying, as she went:

"I am looking for Emerson's Essays, I want to read you a paragraph from the one on Domestic Life, it seems to bear on the subject in hand, and then I must run or I shall be late for my Mothers' Meeting."

So together we hunt up the paragraph and here it is: "He who shall bravely and gracefully subdue this Gorgon of Convention and Fashion will have done more than to lead a clean, handsome and heroic life amid the beggarly elements of our cities and villages; whose shall teach me how to eat my meat and take my repose, and deal with men without shame following will restore the life of man to splendor and make his own name dear to all history."

"Those are beautiful words of a leader, or "make our names dear to all history," but each one of us can, in our own sphere, like the wise leader of a fable, use opportunities given us to help to liberate our fellow women from foolish customs.

Nothing is accomplished without enthusiasm; almost anything with it.

Mary has plenty of it, that is why she is so successful in all her undertakings.

Therefore I have hopes of the Anti-Crape League and patiently await results.

MARIE MAZZEEN.

Enough Said.

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For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

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Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc.

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the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is the fact that these Pills have the Largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

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In the Wrong Place.

Lariat Luke (entering cafe)—Hoop-la! I'm a roarer from the Rockies, I am—and I'm loaded for b'ar to-night!

Barkeep—Better get out, then; this is no bar for the "loaded."

"Was my name brought up last night?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind saying what was done?"

"I was fined a dollar. The treasurer was instructed to buy three quarts of blackballs for the use of members."—*Life.*

Burglars.

"Now, see here," said Deacon Parley to his two daughters, "things kinder looks as if I would not be home to-night, and there's all them contributions for the yellow-fever sufferers up chamber, in the red closet; tarnation fool I was to take charge of 'em! There is about two thousand dollars altogether, and that's enough to tempt thieves. If your ma was to hum, I wouldn't feel skeered. She's a woman of sense and experience, but Sarey Ann had to have her twins just on this particular occasion, and there is your ma off for a week."

"Why, no, nobody knows the money is here," cried the second daughter, Kitty. "They'd be none likely to expect to find it at the store in the safe."

"That's jest why I fetched it up," said the deacon. "I have got to produce it up to the church meeting to-morrow, and I'd feel purty fur us if I had to go and say 'twas stole, and them boys is so long-tongued and gabby. Can't sell a pound of flour without telling all creation all they know. So I led them to believe I'd put it in the safe, and made a lot of fuss about their locking up keerful, and meanwhile hum I fetched it."

"Well, that was cute!" said Kitty.

"Leave pa alone for fixing things," observed Mary.

The two girls were remarkably fond of their father, and believed him the wisest of men. As he got ready for his journey, they hovered around him, bringing him his glasses, spying his Sunday cravat, putting little dainties in his traveling bag, filling a small bottle with lemonade, in case he should grow thirsty, parting his hair so that the bald spot on top wouldn't show, and listening attentively to his counsel.

"If I ain't to hum," said he, "you'll find the rifle and the pistol both loaded; but I guess the bolts and bars on this here house is all good. You jest see to them, and it's all right. Fasten up early. Don't go away nowhere, and see you don't let no beggars in."

All of which the girls solemnly promised, and kissing their father, waved their kerchief's from the porch until he vanished at the turning of the road that led to the station.

Usually the Parley farmhouse boasted both a maid and a man. But it so happened that the last man had fallen in love with the rosy-cheeked help, and that they had married and departed together only the day before. The new servants had not yet arrived, and the farm was in a lonely place, and the mother—as the deacon had said—was at her daughter's, where two little strangers had arrived together.

So all the girls, healthy, merry and not imaginative, felt no alarm. They went to work with a will to tidy the house. They had a pick-up dinner in the kitchen, and they took their crochet work and a couple of novels on the porch in the afternoon.

"I'll get tea, Kitty," said Mary, as the sun began to set. "I know that you want to finish that blue row."

"Yes, I should like to, Mary," Kitty replied, "if you don't mind."

However, when Mary had gone kitchenward, it occurred to Kitty that there might be a letter at the postoffice for her. The young druggist spoken of in the neighborhood as "Kitty Parley's steady company," lived in New York, and a missive was to be expected from him at any moment. Therefore Kitty thought that she would run over to the office while Mary was making tea. So she caught up her shade hat and started off down the lane, taking a short cut over the meadows.

Mary, at the same time, having put on the kettle, believed that she could just step in to the next neighbor's and get some patterns she had been promised before the water bubbled. The neighbor's back door was only across two vegetable gardens, and Mary did not need a hat for the sun was quite gone. Away she went, with her light step and quick movements, never guessing that her sister had left her post.

So it came to pass that the house was deserted for the space of an hour; for when Kitty got to the office the mail was just in; the letters had yet to be sorted, and while she was waiting for this to be done, an old friend stopped out of a wagon at the door. Of course, there was a long chat, for Mrs. Jones had to tell of deaths and marriages, of an elopement, and of the good luck of her son Billy, who had gone to California and made a little fortune in no time. While at the neighbor's the pattern was hard to find, and then Mary had to learn just how to match the notches, and then it was not civil to go without a little talk, and there was a confidence only to be imparted at the gate, regarding a certain John, who was paying attention to the young lady of the house.

Time flies so much faster at such moments than we can believe. It was quite dark when Kitty flew in at the front door, and Mary bounced in at the back at the same instant. Neither of the girls guessed that the other had been absent. The kettle was boiling, so Mary made the tea, set the table and rang the bell, tucking the patterns behind a plaster on the dresser, and Kitty endeared the signal, expecting a scolding for keeping tea waiting, but none came.

The girls took their tea, chatting pleasantly over it, and then Mary said:

"Suppose we lock up and go up to our room. It does feel a little spookish down stairs alone."

"I do, more," said Kitty. "Down cellar first and then everywhere else."

Parley farmhouse was very well provided with bolts and bars, and every room had good locks of its own. The girls fastened everything on the lower floor, and then went up to the front room, where their parents slept, to see to the windows, though it was probable that their father had attended to that before he went away.

Kitty went first with a candle, Mary followed. She had stayed to put the cat into the washhouse, and now came up on the full rush with that feeling that some unseen thing is behind you grabbing for your back hair, which seems to indicate that all women have a disposition to believe in the supernatural, for who among us has not felt it?

She had just got to the top step when she heard Kitty scream violently, and heard something fall. As she rushed into the room she saw that it was in darkness—Kitty had dropped the candle.

"Kitty!" exclaimed her sister; "what is the matter?"

"Oh, don't ask me," wailed Kitty. "Get a match. Oh, oh!"

Mary groped about, bumping her head against the bedstead, the wardrobe and her sister's head, before she found the match box. But it came to hand at last, and then she struck a light, found the candle, and lighted it. Kitty sat on the floor rocking to and fro and moaning.

"What is the matter, dear?" pleaded Mary.

"Oh, don't you see?" sobbed Kitty. Don't you see?"

And Mary, staring about her, did so. The door of the red closet—the treasure house where the collection for the yellow fever sufferers had been locked up—was wide open. Not only was the cash box gone, but the bundles of linen, stockings, gowns, cloaks and shawls also to be sent south, had vanished. And pinned to the door was a large placard bearing these words, written in blue pencil,—

"Thank you for making it so easy for us. We didn't have a particle of trouble, and a whole hour to help ourselves. We had quite a little lunch, too, out of the buttery. Good-by!

BURGLARS."

"Kitty," said Mary, "don't you almost wish we were dead?"

"I do," said Kitty. "Why, it seems to me that to face pa to-morrow will be more than I can stand."

"It isn't facing him so much," said Mary, "thought that is hard, but what an injury we've done him. He'll have to face the congregation and tell that story. He'll have to make it up out of his savings. Poor pa! Oh, oh! and all because I went over to the Dusenberrys for a nasty little paper pattern I could have done without—all my fault, all mine!"

"No, dear," sobbed Kitty. "I didn't know you went out before, but I was away a whole hour, over at the post office. I met Selina's mother, and she had a lot to say, and they hadn't fixed the letters, so you see, I left the front door unguarded. I did it. They came in at the front door. Oh, dear! What a wicked girl I am!"

"How wrong of both of us!" said Mary. "Now, if I'd just spoken to you——"

"Or I to you," said Kitty.

Then both began to cry again.

"If we had anything to sell, said Kitty, presently, "if we could save it in any way, if we had jewelry! Oh, I'd go out to service—I'd go into a factory to earn it. But ma wouldn't let us—oh!"

"If we took poison we wouldn't cost any more; it would save money," said Mary.

"Pshaw! our funerals and the disgrace, and they'd feel so!" sobbed Kitty.

"Old Moses Patch asked me to marry him once. I really think I'll go and tell him I will if he'll give me as much as has been stolen, right away!" said Mary.

"Mr. Patch is engaged to Widow Burridge, Selina's mother told me that to-day," said Kitty. "No, we can't do anything. But what does it matter about us, when dear pa will have to suffer for our conduct; dear pa!"

Again the girls sobbed, and it was nearly two o'clock before drowsiness fell upon them, and they went sadly across the entry to their own room, where they cried themselves to sleep.

Kitty awoke first, and began to cry again. Mary, aroused by the sound, sat up and looked about her.

"I feel as if all life had altered," said she.

"So do I," answered Kitty. "I don't want to get up."

"I suppose we must," said Mary.

She arose and dressed herself and went down stairs. Hardly had she lighted the fire when she heard steps upon the garden path. She looked up and saw her father approaching, and cried out:

"Home so early! Why, pa!"

Then she threw her apron over her face and began to sob.

"Why, what's the matter, Mary?" asked Mr. Parley.

"Oh, pa, I can't tell you!"

"Anything the matter with ma or anybody?" he asked.

"No, thank goodness!" said Mary; "but, pa, it is the very worst thing next to that could happen."

"The money!"

At this moment Kitty appeared at the door.

"Yes, pa," said she, "and all my fault. I went to the postoffice and left the front door open."

"And I went to the Dusenberrys', and left the back door open."

"I stayed an hour."

"So did I."

"Well," said old Parley, "I'll say for you you don't try to cast blame one on t'other, and you do not tell fibs."

"I wish you could sell us for slaves and take the money," said Kitty.

"Slavery times are over," said Parley, "or I could black you up and do that. Well, gals, I'll look pretty, won't I, telling this to the folks in church? I'll look real smart, and I feel so too. I'll have to sell the three-acre lot to raise the amount, I guess, and all because I trusted a couple of gals. Why, I thought your ma's daughters and mine would have a little common sense born into them, but you hadn't, it seems."

"No," said Kitty, "I haven't."

"I haven't either, said Mary.

"Well, come upstairs and let's see whether you haven't made no mistake," said Mr. Parley.

"I only wish we had," said Kitty.

But they followed their father who was taking it better than they hopes he would.

There stood the red closet open; there was the placard on the door.

"Yes," said old Parley, "them contributions ain't in the closet, and you must have felt sort of funny when you read that notice, gals. But did you look under the bedstead? It's a big, old-fashioned one with a valance—that the burglar is there yet," and he laughed. "Look," said he again.

Kitty gave one startled glance at her father's face and went on her knees beside the bed. She threw the valance back and gave a cry.

There were the bundles, the bags, the rolls, the parcels that had vanished from the red closet, and there, too, was the cash box, shining and bright, and the prettiest thing to Kitty's eyes at that moment that she had ever seen.

"You see," said Mr. Parley, as his daughters dived with joyous squeals under the queer old heirloom with its tester and valance, and reappeared with one thing after the other, "I did come home last night, after all, and I found the house empty and all flying, and I thought I'd play a joke on you. I pretty near gave in when you cried so, but you deserved a lesson. Jest up garret for once, locked into the man's room. Still, for all, I will say I've found out you're real good girls to each other, and that your sot considerable on your old dad, and you can kiss me."

"It wasn't a bit more than we deserved," said Kitty. "And don't it feel nice to have it all turn out right, after all?"

"Indeed it does," said Mary.

And now old Parley tells that burglar story down at the store once a week on the average.

The Earl and the Actress.

The recent death of the young Earl of Cairns calls to mind, says New York *Truth*, a true little story bearing on the rupture of his engagement to Miss Fortesque (Finney), the actress. On Lord Garmoyle announcing his engagement to the young actress, and also his fixed determination to adhere to it, the Earl and Countess finding all persuasion and argument completely wasted, hit upon a scheme of their own devising to further the end they had in view. Simulating a final acquiescence in the engagement, they requested the young man to introduce his future bride to them and their immediate friends, and in order to provide a fitting opportunity for the acknowledgment of their new daughter-in-law, issued invitations for dinner to the most aristocratic, and so far as "caste" was concerned, prejudiced among their acquaintance.

In due course the dinner came off and for a time all went well. On the withdrawal of the ladies to the drawing-room, the after-dinner cigar was smoked, and the men prepared to rejoin the fairer portion of the guests. When the youthful and lordly lover entered the room he found his *fiancee* sitting in a far-off corner, perfectly alone, deserted, and without a soul to offer a kindly or hospitable word. The intent of these aristocratic dames was only too apparent, and even on the young man's entrance, some little care that it should be emphasized, and every back in the room was turned upon the actress. Before he could sufficiently recover from his disgust and amazement he was joined by his father, the old Earl, who whispered in his ear: "My dear Garmoyle, it really is too bad! They carry these social conventionalities altogether too far," adding, after a moment's pause, "and the d—l of it is, it will be just the same after your marriage as before."

Caught.

On a sultry summer's day, when thunder and hail showers had prevailed in the early morning, an English wedding party came to the church from a distant parish. When the register had been signed, the vicar asked the bridegroom: "Have you had any hail this morning?"

The man blushed and hesitated, but at length replied: "Well, sir, we did just 'ave a glass apiece afore we started."

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Railroad Superintendent—I regret that you are incapacitated for further service; but accidents will happen, you know. Do you know of a good man for your place?

Railroad Brakeman (who has only his thumbs left)—Yes sir, I know one who would last a good deal longer than I did. You'll find him over at the dime museum. He has sixteen fingers.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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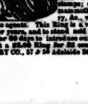

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A Matter of Taste

Ray Trousey.—But how can you think I'm pretty, when my nose turns up so dreadfully!

Jay Bee.—Well, all I have to say is, that it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth.—*Puck.*

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Music.

The week has been a quiet, uneventful one. In fact we have had fewer concerts of ambitious pretensions this season than for many years previous. No doubt the depression that prevails in business circles, though generally mentioned only with bated breath, has had much to do with this inactivity. Besides this there is now in Toronto a reluctance to attend concerts in which the talent, so well known and genuinely appreciated in this and neighboring cities, takes part unless reinforced by a powerful ticket selling brigade. Much of this is due to the fact that the musical appetite of a large portion of the indifferent public, an appetite that is easily fed—is abundantly satisfied by the free performances of the pupils of the different institutions that make music a specialty. Those who are at the head of such establishments need hardly wonder, if in consequence of this glut of music—literally without money and without price—their more serious efforts should meet with scanty recognition.

*

This plethora of that kind of music which may be a little better than its cost has, however, a serious effect on what must, after all, be the great educator of the music-loving public—the concerts given by the visiting combinations, and by the more artistically equipped of our local performers. Time was, when a good combination of visiting professionals was almost always sure of a good house in Toronto, when the community had much less wealth and perhaps more good taste than in the present day. But it requires a reputation, world-wide for excellence, to-day before a meritorious concert company can command an audience at all commensurate with its deserts, without a well organized descent of ticket-selling or subscription seeking minions. The mediocre performances of American-trained artists have, no doubt, much to do with the public indifference to the ordinary concert company, but in many respects a number of performers who rejoice in European training are no better.

*

The ease with which both European and American press notices more or less eulogistic may be obtained, has been abused to such an extent that it is difficult for the ordinary public to distinguish the wheat from the chaff, and to take a safe course, the gentle public stays away from a concert when not driven to it by the energetic ticket agent, unless it knows positively that the performers are unquestionably excellent, in which it can enjoy this concourse of sweet sounds in a "complimentary" fashion. And as a result even those bodies who give annual concerts are driven to a careful conning of their musical attractions and to an energetic disposal of their tickets in order to feel sure that the much-desired financial surplus may be secured. Even our local musical societies feel this, especially as the public has become in a measure accustomed to the classes of music presented by them, and the energies of committees are more than ever directed to the extension of subscription lists in the face of a more or less well-defined indifference on the part of the public.

*

The lesson to be learned by the societies from this experience is two-fold. First of all—that their performances must aim, before everything, at excellence no matter what programme be offered; that the mere recitation of so many pages of music is insufficient to attract the public; that a proper knowledge of—not the mere ability to struggle through—the music to be performed shall be the equipment of those performing; that in choral work a due observance of the necessary balance of tone in parts must not be lost sight of; and above all that mere numbers are not sufficient to produce a proper musical effect, any more than that the singing of certain notes and words by insufficiently trained individuals will necessarily result in proper choral performance. This leads to the proposition that a certain amount of vocal training and of ability in reading music should be a pre-requisite for membership, and that to produce these qualifications, preparatory classes should be formed from which the main chorus may from time to time be reinforced. This means work and thought and care, but without some such scheme, our choruses must either be reduced in numerical strength or the artistic result must suffer.

*

The other lesson to be learned, and perhaps a more difficult one, is that the vehicles of musical expression presented to the public have lost their edge, so to speak, and that they have palled on the public taste. The resources of our societies are sufficiently varied to make a greater variety of subjects and performances possible. To stand still is to fall behind. These resources should be developed and trained so that the programmes to be offered shall have more life and contrast. All of which means—besides more work—a greater attention to the attractions of a miscellaneous programme. People are getting tired of a succession of oratorios, especially as our community has neither the traditions nor the general culture to freely support such a series, and the general want is to hear a programme that will present the ordinary ease of a concert, with the beauties of choral and orchestral work by way of variety. Our two choral bodies have recognized this fact this year, and the one which produces the greatest excellence in its work, irrespective of the ambition of its designs, will achieve the greatest popularity.

*

Mrs. Blackstock's muse has not been idle this season. In addition to producing a song, Spring Reveries, which is a very pleasing *concertante* between voice and piano, she has lately brought out a waltz, Starry Night, which has already achieved quite a success in both ballroom and drawing-room. METRONOME.

NOTES.

Another notability that will visit us this spring is Edward Lloyd, who will sing in Toronto on May 5. Sims Reeves may justly be said to be the darling of the English people, as

Signor Ed. Rubini is to be congratulated on the success of his song, On the River. His publishers in London, Eng., recently sent him a cheque for 750 pounds sterling, the amount of the royalty on sales for one year only.

Solomon Salzer, the creator of modern Israelitic liturgical music, died recently in Vienna. He spent thirty years of his life in collecting the ancient traditional airs and in giving them modern arrangement.

Just fancy how nice it must be to have one's merit recognized by royalty in England. Dr. Sparks, the veteran Leeds organist, has been placed on the civil list by the Queen for a life pension of £50 per annum, in recognition of his services to musical art.

tenors go, but Lloyd must stand out preeminent as the most artistic singer of tenor parts in oratorio music in the world. A beautiful voice, exquisite method, most artistic phrasing and impressive delivery distinguish his every effort.

Emma Juch has had almost phenomenal success with her opera company on the Pacific coast, in spite of the floods and snow storms which devastated those sunny regions. She has appeared in a new character, that of Carmen, this season and has won golden opinions therewith, although those to whom she appeared an Ideal Marguerite will hardly be reconciled to the idea of her making a success of such a hot-blooded fishly creation as Bizet's heroine.

The great Von Bulow will make a tour in America during March and April, extending from Boston to St. Louis, and taking in Toronto on Easter Monday, April 7. Precisely what his programme will be in this city is not yet determined, but it may safely be said that, with his varied repertoire and gigantic memory, it will be one interesting alike to students and dilettanti. In Boston and New York he will play a series of compositions ranging from Bach to Liszt, and embracing all the intermediate masters so to speak. In Chicago he will play a cyclus of all the important works produced by Beethoven between 1795 and 1823. Von Bulow has just completed his sixtieth year, having first seen this world at Dresden, Saxony, January 8, 1830. He studied law, but hearing Wagner's Lohengrin in 1850 he most enthusiastically embraced music as a study and profession, and studied under Wagner and Liszt, marrying the daughter of the latter in 1857. A curious incident is the fact in spite of Wagner marrying this lady in later years, after her divorce from Von Bulow, the warmest friendship was maintained between these two great masters. In 1864 he was appointed conductor of the Royal Opera House in Munich, where he remained until 1869. He was afterwards appointed Conductor Royal at Hanover, and still later had a similar post in the Imperial household at Berlin. In consequence of a quarrel with the officer of the Imperial regime, in whose province his labors lay, he showed a truly democratic spirit by styling himself Court Pianist to Its Majesty the German People. Von Bulow excels in clearness of playing and in purity of outline, yet he has an inexhaustible variety of touch and a wonderful pedal technique, and above all has a gift of expressing polyphonous music. Probably his greatest art lies in his interpretations of Beethoven, his performances not being confined to the works of the great composer's middle period, but embracing also the compositions of both first and last periods. Interpretations that have done much to popularize, at all events among musicians, the productions of these epochs of the master.

The Drama.

The Wife was a strong attraction to our theater going public last week. When the public see the names of David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille as the authors of a play they now are beginning to look for something good. They look for something clever and bright, containing a deal of humanity with here and there a passage which touches the softer chords. They expect to hear three acts full of brisk and interesting dialogue which occasionally rises to the absorbing point and perhaps dims a sympathetic eye. And when it is over they feel they can go home unwearied by a prolonged state of nervous tension and overwrought spirit, feeling only the pleasant subsequent languor of a mild excitement and the satisfaction of having everything turn out right. This is just about the bill of fare provided by the authors in the play of The Wife. De Mille and Belasco are now numbered among the most American writers of plays and their connected names seem destined to achieve as great distinction in the sphere of drama as those of Gilbert and Sullivan have in the contiguous field of operatic composition. Lord Chumley, as a medium for Mr. Sothern's peculiar talents, has now an established reputation and their latest play, The Charity Ball, is endorsed by the leading critics as a native production of America fit to stand comparison with any similar work from the more experienced dramatic writers across the water.

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Though The Wife has now been before the public for about two years, last week was its premier in this city. The excellent patronage accorded it was significant of the impression it made on our public. The general idea of the play is not unlike The Ironmaster. Both deal with a sentimental difference between husband and wife consequent on a marriage of convenience rather than of affection, and both in the end are smoothed over satisfactorily. The story of The Wife is briefly as follows: Robert Gray, a young attorney, was at a period before the opening of the play, nursed through a serious fit of illness by Lucille Ferrant, and as a result, a warm intimacy sprang up between them, which ended in something like a betrothal. His ardor waned later on, however, and he fell in love with Helen Truman, who also became betrothed to him. At this juncture Miss Ferrant appeared on the scene, and, finding out that she had been cast aside, she resolved to separate the lovers at any cost. In this she was aided and abetted by Matthew Culver, who was Gray's political rival and an unscrupulous rascal of the polished-brass stamp. Lucille Ferrant told Helen Truman that Gray had promised to marry her and had broken his promise, and she was believed. Helen thereupon refused to have anything more to do with the man whom she believed to be false. While still suffering from the effects of this blow her hand was sought by John Rutherford of the United States Senate, a man whom she had long known and highly esteemed. She entertained him for the respect she bore him while her heart was still with Gray. Then arise certain complications through the agency of Miss Ferrant and Culver, which connect the names of Mrs. Rutherford and Gray in scandalous report and which bring home to Rutherford the fact that Helen Truman had married him while she still loved Gray. But Rutherford is one of Nature's noblemen. He shuts his ears to the voice of scandal, and by the nobility of his conduct finally turns his wife's respect to love. Then Gray is forthwith buried in the study of the law. Lucille Ferrant is sent to the south of France, possibly to Monte Carlo, and Culver—the wicked Culver—dismissed in an equally summary manner. The plot lacks the finish and unity which mark that of Lord Chumley, and the characterization of the leading *dramatis personæ* is somewhat weak. The character of the heroine is especially colorless, and even those of Gray and Rutherford are of rather a negative nature. Matthew Culver makes a more decided impression on one's mind. The leading personages are supported, however, by a number of minor characters, some of which are very cleverly elaborated, and in my estimation at times completely outshine the foremost characters of the play. We are so interested in their comedy that we lose sight of the tragedy of hearts that we are supposed to be absorbed in. We are, as it were, laughing at a funeral. These characters are Silas Truman of the Produce Exchange, Major Homer K. Putnam, Jack Dexter, a student, his *fiancee*, Kitty Ives, and her mother, Mrs. S. Bellamy Ives. These are all well treated, and the feebleness of the foremost characters is upheld by their by-play so well that their flaccidity is scarcely noticed.

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No doubt many of the ladies were attracted to the play to see the costumes of Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs, the lady who takes the part of Helen Truman. They have been spoken of as a "symphony in white," and have been described in various other phrases from the vocabulary of ecstacy, all of which they doubtless deserved, for they were very beautiful. Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs, is evidently what is known as a "society actress." Being a luminary of some brilliance in the drawing-room she doubtless became ambitious to let her light shine brighter and farther and accordingly essayed the stellar regions of the stage. But beauty and grace even when assisted by the effulgence of Worth costumes and the scintillation of jewels do not make a theatrical star. Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs as an actress is outshone by some of ladies who should be her support. It would take a much stronger and more skilful artist than she is to make interesting the part of Helen Truman. We can tolerate almost anything in a part when it is played by a beautiful woman wearing "a symphony in white," but toleration is one thing and fascination something quite different. Miss Frances Gaunt, as Lucille Ferrant, made her part interesting. Miss Ethel Greybrooke was excellent as Mrs. Ives, and Miss Etta Hawkins, as Kitty Ives, was the cleverest lady juvenile we have seen here for some time. Among the gentlemen, I should say the honors went to Mr. Henry Herman who played Matthew Culver, although the other parts were well sustained.

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I have been tempted to write this much of The Wife for the reason that the attractions at the theaters this week are well known and have been reviewed in this column before. The Twelve Temptations has done good business at the Grand. This piece is put on with even greater splendor if possible than marked its presentation last season. Some new features have been added to the ballet. Riding on Grandpa's Shoulders is a quaint conceit which has been prettily worked out. The ballets of the Cockatoos and the Nations are as attractive as ever. The costumes of the ballet are rich and artistic, and the girls for the most part young and good-looking. Mlle. Bonfanti is still the *premier*, and is ably assisted by Mlle. Eloise and Victor Chiado. The balancing feats of the Devans were particularly good. Some changes have taken place in the cast, but these are of little consequence, since the attraction of the show lies in the tableaux almost entirely. Mr. Kruger, as Snoro Apropos, was as funny as ever. Miss Mai Estelle still takes the part of the Snow Queen very acceptably, and Miss Jessie West made a bright, pretty and petite Bright Eyes who sings very nicely and dances as gracefully as a fairy. No one can see this show without realizing that a very large amount of money has been spent in its production and that as a purely physical and mechanical show it stands high. And yet, notwithstanding this, it is apt to become somewhat wearisome and lacks something. That something is mind. If it were not all painted canvas and tinsel and machinery and calcium, all fantastic costumes and pink tights and military precision, if it only had a little something to give it a human interest outside of the purely spectacular it would be a much better show. That is where Faust Up to Date for instance surpasses such a piece as the Twelve Temptations.

*

Mr. E. A. McDowell and Fanny Reeves with their company will play at the Grand the first three nights of next week and Wednesday matinee. They will open on Monday evening with the great New York success The Private Secretary; on Tuesday evening the military comedy, Our Regiment; at the matinee Ouida's Moths and the Shaugran for Wednesday evening. Mr. McDowell is well known in this city though he has not played here for some time. A good performance may be looked for.

*

Minnie Oscar Gray and W. T. Stephens, with his trained dogs, have been playing The Old Oaken Bucket at Jacobs & Sparrow's all this week. The play is very much the same as when played here last season. The trained dogs are essentially the feature of the performance, which is very good of its class. Miss Gray, in the part of Messenger Boy 42, makes quite a hit. The support is fairly good, and the play on the whole is staged and played in a very satisfactory manner. Next week, Dowling and Hasson.

*

A company presenting an alleged comedy called Mrs. Partington opened at the Academy of Music on Monday night. It was about the dizziest kind of a concern that has struck this vicinity for a long time. The playing was on a par with the piece, though on Tuesday evening there was some improvement on the first night. As an act of kindness to the players I shall not mention their names, and I hope they may in time live it down.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Gondoliers has been transferred to Palmer's theater, and is doing much better than when first presented.

Tomaso Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, closes his American season in New York next week. He says this is his farewell tour.

The Kendals close their New York engagement this week. They have emptied their repertoire on that city with great success.

Miss Eunice Vance, the Little Tottie Couchdrop of the Transatlantique Vaudevilles, is a daughter of "the great Vance" of London music hall fame.

It is announced that Helen Dauvray, the wife of John M. Ward the baseball man, is to return to the stage soon. Sidney Rosenfeld is writing a play for her.

BY A GAIETY BANSHEE.

Our shirts bleurosted are somewhat a mystery,
A wonder, 'tis said, we can kick up at all!
The secret reverses a motto of history—
Divided we stand and united we fall.

Two of Dickens' pieces, the Cricket on the Hearth and Dombey & Son, will be added as a double bill to the repertoire of Joe Jefferson and W. J. Florence next season. Jefferson will take Caleb Plummer in the former and Florence Captain Cuttle in the latter. What a delightful entertainment they will give!

Chicago America gives the following rules for opera-goers:

"When rude people glare at you because you have some particularly bright things to say, and are afraid you will forget them if you wait till the curtain falls, it is considered *jeu d'esprit* to talk louder than ever, and make things as pleasant as possible for the musical cranks.

"When a real lady enters the opera house, it is esteemed *elite* and *bas bleu* for her to leave her chewing gum in charge of a gentlemanly usher.

"When the ballet comes on, it is thought *eau de vie* to look through the large end of your opera-glass.

"Where two sisters attend the opera together, it is not *nom de plume* for one to wear a bonnet, and the other to merely wear false hair. It looks as if then were only one decent bonnet in the family.

"Such expressions as 'bravo,' 'encore' and 'chestnut,' are not considered *affaire de cœur*. The *bon ton* will merely ejaculate 'rodenta' to express condemnation, and 'immenza' to express approval.

"Gents will be sufficiently *mise en scene* to abstain from having beer brought to them during the performance.

"Playing progessive euchre in the boxes is not esteemed *entre nous* in the most *chic* circles.

"Gentlemen will please not rise in the midst of a cavatina and inquire: 'Where in thunder is the cuspidor?' Such an inquiry is a breach of all that is *protege*."

A Trifle Pessimistic.

Early in the century there lived in Edinburgh a well-known cobbler named Sandy Black, whose oft recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of endless irritability which were highly relished by all except the fellow's good, patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose, bent on a quarrel. The haddies and the eggs were excellent, done to a turn and had been ordered by himself the previous evening; but breakfast passed without the looked-for compliment.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" asked Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roasted or boiled?"

"Confound it! madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife you would have known before this what I like!" Sandy growled out as, slamming the door, he left the house. It was in the spring, and a friend who was present heard his little wife say:

"Sandy's bent on a quarrel to-day. I shall not please him, do what I will."

The dinner time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner. The fish was eaten in silence, and on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion the former called out:

"Boiled chicken! That's it, madam! 'A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled!' Immediately the cover was raised from another chicken roasted to a turn—"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken!" roared Sandy. "You know very well how it should have been cooked." At that instant a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table. "Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, my dear," said Mrs. Black.

"How dare you spend my money in this manner?"

"They were a present," said his wife.

Rising from his chair, Sandy clenched his fist and shouted:

"How dare you receive presents without my leave?"

Carmen Sylva's Aphorisms.

Fasting makes apostles; good cooking, diplomatists.

There are people who think the German language is not beautiful. Even a Stradivarius or an Amati violin will squeak if the player does not know how to handle the bow.

A real lady has the same manners in the dressing-room as in the drawing-room, and is equally polite to her servants and to her guests.

Married couples should never cease altogether making love to each other.

My Stars.

For Saturday Night.

"My stars!" in accents clear and sweet
Greeted me as I chanced to meet
A lady young and fair;
And yet this word her beauty mars,
What did she mean? Has she some stars?
And what are they, and where?

I look up at the southern sky,
Sirius winks with his bright eye,
And my affections wins;
And *Canis Minor's* Procyon
Castor and Pollux look upon,
A handsome pair of twins.

Arion in his place I fix,
Whence Rigel, Saiph and Bellatrix
Look down on humble me;
The Hyades, those daughters fair
Of Atlas, I can see up there,
Sh pe d like the letter V.

But two bright stars I highly prize,
A pair of lovely woman's eyes
Which sparkle when I'm nigh,
My very own and earth would be
A dark and dreary world to me
If th y were in the sky.

And three more stars I claim as mine,
Which steadfast on my pathway shine,
They follow where I rove;
I would not part with them for all
The wealth of this terrestrial ball,
They're Faith and Hope and Love.

These are "my stars," a galaxy
More brilliant than the milky way
Or meteor's fiaful gleam,
Why should not such my mortal be
As rich, yes, rich in stars, as she?
However poor they seem.

J. SMILEY.

SEVERN BRIDGE.

A Change of Opinion.

A lovely ball! Ah, no—we can't agree;
It seems a sleepy, spiritless affair—
Quite dull and flat so far as I can see,
And then, I feel so vexed about my hair.

I know 'tis not becoming, dressed like this,
Oh, dear! the mirrors stare one in the face;
I can't help seeing what a mop it is—
'Twould take Diana's self to give it grace.

This dress, too Helen! I'm so sorry, now,
I did not wear black lace, and braid my hair;
I wish I'd stayed at home. I'll make a vow
Henceforth against—Oh, thinks, I do not care

To waltz again! That stupid Sidney Brown—
He'd like once more to draw me from my seat
I was so gaiet and thankful to sit down;
He almost killed me with his clumsy feet.

No, I don't mean to dance again to-night;
Such wretched music; and the floor is poor:
The room s too hot. Look again and see—
I would not look for worlds. Oh, tell me true.
The dear, dear fellow! Yes, indeed! 'tis he,
Ah, now he sees me—he's delighted too!

How well he looks—a prince among other men.
Ah, Harry, so you managed, after all—
Of course I'm dying for a waltz, and then
I'm glad you came. It's such a lovely ball!

—Domestic Monthly.

The Idol.

I have known is young, I have known is old,
I have found an idol of purest gold,
And yet there has always come a day
When I saw that the idol a feet were clay.

Of purest gold was fashioned the rest
In that one idol I loved the best;
And ah! th at there should be this to say,
That the feet were clay, the feet were clay.

You may watch till watching outdoes your nights,
Never the gold is a whit less bright;
The idol never shall lose a ray;
But the feet are clay, the feet are clay.

I had counted, half knowing, the cost before;
"If only th idol is mine to adore,"
I cried, "it is naught if the trumpets bray
That th e feet are clay, the feet are clay.

"If the thunder's voice should bear it afar
That the idol is what all idols are;
If I take them for gold, what matters it, pray,
If the feet of the idol are only clay?"

And yet the news one day must come
With tuns of harp or rattle of drum,
In strife of squadrons, on moonlit bay,
That the feet after all are nothing but clay.

Let th people tell it, and let them repeat
What tales they like of the idol's feet,
To this assure you my life I'll hold,
That th idol's heart is of purest gold.

A worshipper must be brave and wise,
The gold is a dauntless gazer's prize;
'Tis the blind who cha-t it; the sons dull way
That th feet of our idols are always clay.

Let the darkened eye of the blind awake,
Let them see the truth for the truth's own sake,
They shall know 'tis a foolish tale i told
That even the feet are of naught but gold.

Let the blind but open their eyes to the light,
Nay, let them see truth in their visions of night,
So shall they an idol fashioned behold
Through and through of the purest gold.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

Growing Old Together.

You do not love me, dear, so much
As you did long ago,
When you would make my rosy cheek
And forehead white as snow.
You do not rush to kiss that cheek
With all your old time fire;
Perhaps, indeed, it is not now
The cheek that you admire.

You do not fold me in your arms
As often as of yore;
Your hand once dallied with my curls—
It dallies there no more.
And if I did not know my hair
Was far past gilding or dye,
I well could read it in your glance,
That tells me I am grey.

Yet deem not, love, that I upbraid,
By your neglect aggrieved—
For I—I love d you better when
You were not wholly bald;
And were you as demonstrative
As when you first did woo,
I should despise such idiocy
In an aged man like you.

Noted People.

The little Duke of Albany is taking to the piano like a Hofmann or a Hegner—so the court gossips say.

Doctor Karolina Wilderstrom, the first Swedish lady physician, has begun her practice in Stockholm. She will give free consultation to the poor.

Mrs. Astor, wife of the New York millionaire, says that well-bred women are learning to dress more and more plainly every year in public places.

Leo XIII. is reported by the Roman journals to be engaged in making extensive studies on the Socialist question, preparatory to issuing an encyclical letter on the subject.

The violinist Sivori lives at Genoa, and is now very old and feeble. At a recent artistic festival, he never, he played superbly on Paganini's fiddle, which is religiously preserved under a glass case by the municipality.

The Duc D'Orleans is engaged to a pretty little French girl, who went to see him in prison. She was horrified to find him in a bare, whitewashed and carpetless room with a very meagre supply of furniture. His food was, however, satisfactory, though not luxurious.

Christine Nilsson's youngest niece, Charlotta Johansson, who is sixteen years old, is supposed to give great promise as a singer, as she has a very good voice. The young lady was to have completed her education at Christiana, but suffered so from homesickness that she has returned to her home.

Prince Albert of Monaco, who gets £30,000 a year from the proprietors of the Casino, intends to devote this money to making improvements in his State, and to completing the Cathedral at Monaco. Prince Albert can well afford to dispense with this grant, for he inherited an immense fortune from his miserly father, and his wife is enormously rich.

Prince Henry of Battenberg is still absent. English society is wonderfully anxious to discover the probable length of his stay abroad, but no definite time can be named. Her Majesty lives in the same quiet fashion. Princess Beatrice exerts himself in the direction of tableaux and theatricals.

Dom Pedro lately went to Cannes to inspect its military fortifications, and entrance was at first refused by the sentinel at the gate; but when the soldier learned who he was the bayonet was lifted and he was allowed to pass in. Afterward the sentinel was severely punished by the commanding officer on the ground that the French republic did not recognize ex-emperors, and cared to have no monarchs prowling about its forts.

A school fellow of Mr. Rider Haggard's, in some recent reminiscences, shows that the distinguished author of She must be classed with the schoolboy dunces. Mr. Haggard was a pupil of Ipswich School, and as a boy he is described as a tall, lank youth, with a thick crop of unkempt hair, sharp features, prominent nose, and eyes which had rather a wild look about them. In his classes he never took a high place, and both his schoolmates and his masters looked on him as a rather stupid boy.

The recent anniversary of the Queen's wedding-day, the day which would have been her golden wedding, has brought forward this curious statement. It is said that Tennyson owed his laureateship to the young queen's tender fancy for The Miller's Daughter. It was during those days when the young prince was constantly in her thoughts that she read and loved the poem; bestowing upon its author the place which Wordsworth's death had left vacant.

How strange for us to read that Mr. Gladstone repaired to Oxford for ten days' study and uninterrupted library work. One would fancy that the Grand Old Man's days of study were in the past, but it is not so. He still works on, returning to Oxford to be endeared by the remembrance of youthful associates, and long-past earnest work. Oxford should be proud to welcome again the man who, going from her years ago, has won so much of praise and honor from the world at large.

The Rev. Charles Yeld of Nottingham tells, upon the authority of a member of the lady's family, a story that in early life Tennyson was much enamored of a Miss Bradshaw, and that once when he was out riding with the Bradshaw family the object of his adoration asked him the time. When he took out his watch she looked over his shoulder, whereupon the future poet exclaimed, "Don't!" "Upon her asking in surprise why she was not to look, Tennyson is said to have replied: "No, it would stop to look at you." The Rev. Mr. Yeld puts upon this remark a meaning complimentary to the person to whom it was addressed and to the poetic genius of Tennyson. It seems more reasonable to discover in the remark the original of the American slang, "ugly enough to stop a watch," and at the same time a full and sufficient explanation of why the pond was thrown over by Miss Bradshaw, as, according to the story, he was.

The late Empress Augusta was not the choice of her husband's first fancy, and indeed, was married to him only two years after he had written that heartbreaking letter of his father, which Heinrich von Treitschke has recently given to the world, and in which Prince William abandoned his last hopes of being allowed to wed the bride of his heart, Princess Elizabeth Radziwill. The Princess he obediently married in 1829, was fourteen years younger than himself, a bright, clever girl of scarce seventeen, of marked intelligence, and very highly educated; but she never was a beauty, and there may well have been times when the lack of this crowning gift of the fairies formed a sore trial. For Augusta loved and looked up to her husband, and rival attractions must often have made her heart ache, while Bismarck's jealousy of her influence was perhaps even more galling than the veiled impertinence of handsomer faces of her own sex. The late Empress held her own, however, and won universal respect, and even acquired a certain charm of manner and wit, that compensated for more material fascinations.

Sweet Bananaland.

O traveler of note is without vivid first impressions of every country he sees. For this reason I must have had some: if not, I must get some. Let me see, what were my first impressions of Nassau! From the steamer—that opalescent sea! Yes, that came in somewhere among the impressions. I am not sure that I didn't get it from the guide book. After consulting the guide book I find that I got the word and probably the idea there. On examining the dictionary to get some further details for working up the description, I am pained to find that "opalescent" is the wrong word. The sea doesn't "reflect a milky light from its interior." No doubt it ought to, but it is stubborn on that point. It is a bright greenish color, and one can see the bottom even though the water is twenty or thirty feet deep. How is a descriptive writer of eminence, like myself, to do justice to his subject, if the guide books upon which he leans for eloquence are unreliable? I mention this as one of the difficulties which may make my lurid impressions of scenery a little off color in spots. I think the palms impressed me first, as tall and graceful they stand, crowned by their waving plumage, high above the houses and low-lying island. It is odd how one thing will give individuality and novelty to a whole landscape. It is the palm that fills the eye of the stranger as he scans the islands which rise in such uneven lines from that much-talked-of and transparent sea. The square houses with cottage roofs, no chimneys, and extensive lattice work might possibly belong to the north, but the palm tree with its long bole and immense plume-like leaves is tropical. As it surmounts everything in height, so it is the first thing to impress the stranger, and will live in his memory like the feathers on the top of the woman's bonnet who sits right in front of him in the theater. The next object that I recall as being intensely interesting was a colored boat hand. His skin was so black that charcoal would have made a white mark on it, and his under lip resembled about three pounds and a half of steak done rare on top and burned on the under side. He had much to do with the manual labor of transferring the luggage from the steamer to the tender, and during the excitement occasioned by this exercise, he stepped on the bare foot of one of his brunette companions, who thereupon called him a "damn niggah." I was pained to hear this profane expression, but the person referred to was wounded still worse. I have attended theological debates when things got very warm, and parsons, in earnest but regretful tones came as near calling one another liars as the Westminster confession would permit; been at political meetings where personalities were indulged in and charges made which if true should have resulted in penitentiary for life; and have heard and perhaps engaged in several private snarls where the feelings of one or both parties were intentionally and seriously injured, but I never saw anyone so deeply cut up as he of the sombre epidermis was over being called a "nigger." You will observe that I speak of epidermis instead of skin. A letter from a candid admirer lies before me and about me in reference to my habit of falling into the vernacular, that is to say, that in my last letter and previously I have shown a tendency to use words long since obsolete in polite society. For instance, that I in one glaring instance spoke of a man's "insides." I regret and retract this uncultured expression, as on second though I am aware that people belonging to the first families are guiltless of anything so vulgar as insides. I am using a dictionary more now and if I do not improve in my style, it will be because the bright lexicon of youth gives out before I do.

With a big trunk on his shoulder and streams of sweat running down his ebony brow as the porter with wounded feelings passed the offender he rolled his eyes, curled that ponderous under-lone lip and hissed savagely as they say on the stage, "I's a niggah, is I!" Repassing him he would continue the conversation: "I'll see who's a niggah when we gets on sho," and again the next porter would bring as close to the culprit as possible, showing still more of the whites of his eyes and increasing the terror of his appearance, he inquired, "Damn niggah is I?" Sitting on a trunk where I could hear this dialogue and nurse my lame leg I wondered whether it would result in murder before we would get unhooked from the steamer. The colored man who had used the objectionable expression first tried to conciliate his adversary by paying no attention to the inquiries and ebullitions of emotion which the member from the Congo was making. He was a big burly fellow and was carrying a bundle of steamer chairs when Congo reiterated the question, "I's a damn niggah is I?

"Yes, you is a damn buck niggah," was the reply. Somehow the bundle of steamer chairs swung around accidentally, and hit the head of the gentleman with the pouting lip. It sounded hollow—the head, not the lip. The injured stevedore immediately relinquished the idea of going after another trunk and followed his tormentor. They clutched and each came away with a handful of the other's shirt—one handful being taken from a locality where it was urgently needed. The boss, with words I could not think of repeating except to myself, interfered and set them at work. The remarks as they passed each other continued till a bright idea struck the original sufferer. As he passed the other fellow he said in the deep, guttural tones we hear about, "You is a damn brack buck niggah yo'self." After that he seemed to feel better and peace was restored. He had made the meanest remark that one colored person can to another. The whites of Nassau are careful never to use the word "nigger" in the hearing of a black man. It is an insult which will be carried around in the colored Nassau heart for years, and if a stranger should use it in the hearing of a resident he would be taken aside and told it is a very great mistake. The colored population has been described as a wonderfully fine type of negro and poltter than any of his shade in other lands. I will concede the politeness but not the good looks—it doesn't run in the family anywhere.

The favorite conveyance in Nassau is a sort of two-seated buggy or double phaeton drawn by a native pony urged forward by the whip and voice of a negro driver. A consumptive gentleman and I employed one of these vehicles to go up to the hotel three blocks away and were charged a dollar, though that money will hire one of those conveyances for half a day if you know how to negotiate. Up a gentle slope we rode at a very ungentle pace, turned through a massive gateway, continued the ascent in a semi-circle before a very large white four-storey building with piazzas and green shutters and high tower, under the pillared base of which we were driven and unloaded. The piazza, which extends beneath the tower—which is really a widened portion of it—is the chief loafing place for the hotel guests, and as we painfully clambered from the vehicle to the steps, the ghastly consumptive struggling for breath, and I trying to find a place to plant my crutches, some remarks were passed by the spectators which were decidedly personal. I think my companion must have weighed fully eighty or eighty-five pounds while I run up somewhere between two and three hundred. "There is a one-lung-er, sure," I heard a fellow say, "but get on to the one-legger he has with him!" It doesn't matter. The guess's who had been there long enough to get acquainted seemed to take pleasure in making semi-audible remarks about the new arrivals which were generally followed by a titter from the ladies. General Perkins arrived just after I did, and one of the guests exclaimed, "There is Gen. Perkins."

"Poor fellow," said a lady, looking at me, "I suppose he lost his leg in the war."

"He hasn't lost any legs!" exclaimed her informant.

"Then, what makes him so lame?" she asked.

"Gout," was the answer. She looked at me still more attentively.

"He is a young looking man to have the gout, isn't he? But I suppose he is a hard liver. He looks like it," (in a half whisper). "See he is staring at me! I wonder if he heard what I said."

"Why, that isn't Gen. Perkins looking at you," said her companion, disdainfully, "that Mexican looking fellow with the crutches! That is Gen. Perkins over there by the register." Taking it all round I felt complimented in being considered a somewhat warlike looking greaser.

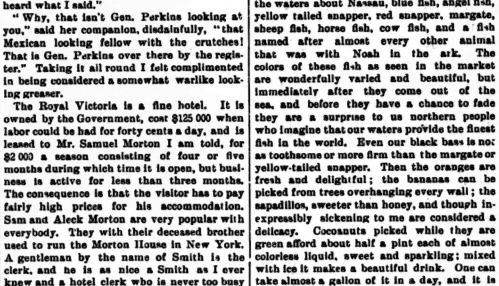
The Royal Victoria is a fine hotel. It is owned by the Government, cost $125 000 when labor could be had for forty cents a day, and is leased to Mr. Samuel Morton I am told, for $2 000 a season consisting of four or five months during which time it is open, but business is active for less than three months. The consequence is that the visitor has to pay fairly high prices for his accommodation. Sam and Aleck Morton are very popular with everybody. They with their deceased brother used to run the Morton House in New York. A gentleman by the name of Smith is the clerk, and he is as nice a Smith as I ever knew and a hotel clerk who is never too busy to be polite, or too big feeling to converse with a stranger who has not a letter of introduction to him from the nobility. The Royal Victoria is the only really good hotel on the island. The native meat and poultry are runty and not good. The climate is too hot for butter making, and indeed fresh milk of any kind is twenty-five cents a quart and is not included in the bill of fare even at the Royal Victoria, where the condensed article is provided. It may be very nice, but I don't like it as well as the milk direct from the cow before it has been canned and prepared and sweetened until it has lost its natural taste. The butter, meat and poultry used in the hotel are brought in large ice boxes from New York once every fortnight, and the guest who is aware of this is prone to imagine that towards the end of the two weeks things are not quite as fresh as they were, though really I believe the difference cannot be detected. Board runs from $17.50 to $40 00 a week according to the location and number of rooms occupied. The rooms themselves are generally large and all of them lofty. French windows open upon piazzas which run around the entire building affording delightful promenades and the hotel and cottages adjoining it will accomodate about two hundred and fifty guests. This season however has been a bad one and when I was there there were not more than seventy-five names on the register. I had a room on the ground floor about as large as an ordinary dining room, sixteen or eighteen feet high, the windows opening directly on the front piazza the driveway and garden. The situation and size of the room however constituted its chief furniture. There was no carpet, no curtains, a $22.50 set of ash furniture—the exact kind I most dislike—and some hooks upon which the visitor could hang the clothes which he did not happen to be wearing. The paper must have cost fully three cents a roll and was about as ugly as anything the mind of man could conceive. I believe the Government of the Bahamas selects the patterns and keeps the hotel in repair. The Minister of Wall Paper and Interior Decorations ought to be dismissed for having put that paper on in the first place and secondly for having left it there for several generations, during which flies and mosquitos have left their x marks most numerously. In hot countries it is not the fashion to have carpets, but at twenty-one dollars a week my soul clamored for some matting or paint on the floor and for more than one chair. By-and-bye I got a pair of curtains from the stately housekeeper which were only two feet too short, but one gets use to this sort of thing and begins to imagine that it is the proper caper. It is an odd thing that the mosquitos always tackle a stranger. The first two nights I slept there I got twenty-six bites on one hand and twenty-seven on the other. After that I wasn't bitten at all—I thought perhaps there was too much rheumatism in my blood and the sciatic flavoring was too strong—but found this opening night performance is everybody's introductory experience. It seems to be an extra insult to have a mosquito bite one in January and the irritation lasts longer than in summer.

The dining-room of the hotel occupies nearly a half of the first floor. It is an immense room rounded at one end like the stern of a ship, and has a row of windows and a piazza all around it. The waiters appear to have been chosen specially for their combination of blackness and politeness. Help is cheap. Waiters can be had for two or three dollars a week, and one appears to stand behind almost every chair. The bill of fare is excellent, though like all such things when taken day after day becomes somewhat monotonous. The cooking is as good as that of a New York hotel, and the service a hundredfold better. Fish of a hundred kinds and a thousand hues abound in the waters about Nassau, blue fish, angel fish, yellow tailed snapper, red snapper, margate, sheep fish, horse fish, cow fish, and a fish named after almost every other animal that was with Noah in the ark. The colors of these fish as seen in the market are wonderfully varied and beautiful, but immediately after they come out of the sea, and before they have a chance to fade they are a surprise to us northern people who imagine that our waters provide the finest fish in the world. Even our black bass is not as toothsome or more firm than the margate or yellow-tailed snapper. Then the oranges are fresh and delightful; the bananas can be picked from trees overhanging every wall; the sapadillos, sweeter than honey, and though inexpressibly sickening to me are considered a delicacy. Cocoanuts picked while they are green afford about half a pint each of almost colorless liquid, sweet and sparkling; mixed with ice it makes a beautiful drink. One can take almost a gallon of it in a day, and it is very fattening. Pineapples were not in season and green turtles not as numerous as usual, but green turtle soup is no luxury down there. Anyone can have it. Other fruits and vegetables were not in season in Nassau but came up on the steamer from Cuba, and altogether the Royal Victoria afforded about as pleasant a bill of fare for January as one could imagine anywhere in the world. The politeness of everybody was noticeable, and if anyone quarrelled with the hotelkeepers or with their employes it was certainly the guest's fault.

The island is about seven miles wide and twenty miles long, and as one has no newspapers, can receive no telegrams or letters oftener than once every two weeks it becomes a question how to amuse one's self. One can hire a horse and driver and double seated bugey for morning and afternoon drives at seven or eight dollars a week and you may be gone as long as you wish. Long rows of these vehicles stand in the drive-way before the hotel in the morning and after dinner and the majority of people go on excursions to the various points of interest. Mr. Tom Mills, a young Torontonian who is spending the winter in Nassau for his health, kindly took me for an introductory drive on the day I arrived. I had no idea what it would be like or I would have stayed home. We got in the trap and started. The pony was about twice as big as a Shetland and the driver made him go with all his might. The roads are fairly smooth, being the top of the coral rock smoothed out and kept in repair by a chain gang of convicts, but they haven't quite convicts enough and the road has some holes and lumpy places in it which make the riding somewhat rough. We went westward along the beach for five or six miles, then turned inland through sisal plantations, cocoa palm groves and pineapple fields. Pigeon plums and wild oranges hung over the road and brushed our faces, but the indefatigable darkey kept urging his pony to the top of his speed, and as the road got rougher the pony went faster and I had to hang on the seat to keep from falling out. As each jolt helped to waken old Malaria, by the time we got to the Bahamian Lakes of Killarney, and beautiful little lakes they are, I was as sore as a boil all over. There is some duck shooting about the lakes and very nice boating. Small forests of pines, drawfed in size but rich in color, and with the delightful resinous smell of their species, cover many acres in the heart of the island and it is pleasant to see the old tree again so far from one's native hills, reminding one of home and the shooting days in the pineries when the carpet of cones and needles lies thick upon the ground. It is more beautiful than the palm to the northern man, carrying him as it does back to the sandy uplands and lakelets so dear to the sportsman's heart. Then we drove back again, the pony going harder than ever, the stiff springs just a little trifle stiffer, the lumps in the road a little lumpier, and the rheumatism just a little nastier. Taken all round I don't remember whether I enjoyed that ride or not. I remember that it is hard to look at scenery and listen to a description of novelties when one is signing for just one minute's rest from the torture of bobbing up and down like corn in a griddle. The houses and hovels inhabited by the colored people out in the country are about as dirty and desolate as hog pens. There is no glass in the windows, but shutters exclude the night air, which is alleged to be very unwholesome, and while the whole family sleeps on the floor with every opening in the wall tightly closed in order to keep the spirits from getting in and Voodooing them, it is a wonder they are not suffocated. If any white man were to try to sleep in the same room with them, I warrant he would take chances in the night air and with the wicked spirits rather than inhale air tainted by a dozen unwashed darkeys amongst whom onions and other sweet smelling herbs are a favorite diet.

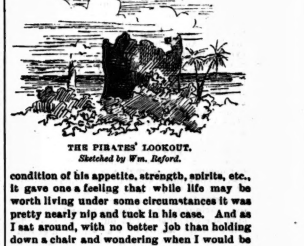
After tea, which is served at six o'clock, the guests loaf in the big hall by the front doorway or in the large porch under the tower. The comparison of symptoms is a favorite topic among the sick and one does get awfully tired of hearing how the sore spot in the lung is feeling, having signs of improvement in diseased kidneys pointed out, together with descriptions of the convalescence of a throat, improved digestion, a repaired liver, the tortures of insomnia and signs of departing paralysis. I am not very susceptible to the influences which surround me, but I did wish that the ghastly gentleman who had successfully fought consumption for seven years would sit a little farther away from me, that his breath, smelling like a charnel house, would expend its force on somebody else. His desperate, convulsive cough, as it loosened a piece of lung, and the violent struggle it required to expectorate the same, rather disturbed conversation which had no reference to pulmonary troubles, and when he proceeded to give in detail a descriptive harangue lasting sometimes for half or three-quarters of an hour; how "he had a show of red that morning," the exact quarts and pints of night sweat which had weakened him the night before, how the medicine he had taken was acting on his diseased system, the exact hour when he had been attacked by the fever, the date to a minute when it began to recede, the condition of his appetite, strength, spirits, etc., it gave one a feeling that while life may be worth living under some circumstances it was pretty nearly nip and tuck in his case. And as I sat around, with no better job than holding down a chair and wondering when I would be able to walk again, I decided that surviving wasn't worth much if my consumptive friend insisted on monopolizing the conversation and keeping it in pulmonary channels when I was dying to talk about rheumatism and the phenomena I was observing in my own system.

DON.



From the photo by Mr Ernest Warrin

A PLANTER'S RESIDENCE, NASSAU.



THE PIRATES' LOOKOUT.
Sketched by Wm. Raford.

She Fixed It.

Miss Hurryup—Ah! George, you cannot tell what troubles a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentleman.

Mr. Holdoff—Troubles, Carrie? Of what nature, pray?

Miss H—Well, one's little brothers are always making fun of one, and one's relatives are always saying: "When is it to come off?" as if marriage were a prize fight. But that is not the worst. There's the inquisitiveness of one's parents. They want to know everything. There's pa, now; he is constantly asking such questions as, "Carrie, what are Mr. Holdoff's intentions? What does he call upon you so regularly for, and stay so late when he does call?" And he sometimes looks so mad when he asks these questions that I actually tremble.

Mr. H—And what answer do you make to his questions, Carrie, dearest?

Miss H—I can't make any answer at all, for you see, you haven't said anything to me and—and—of course I—I——

Then Mr. Holdoff whispered something in Carrie's ear, and next time her father questions her she will be ready with a satisfactory reply.

A Pertinent Question.

De Bagge—Hello, Pompous, old boy. Thought you and Brindle were down in Jersey, on a fishing trip.

Pompous—So we were, but we had to cut the trip short on account of the snakes. They were awful.

De Bagge—Too bad! Who had them?—you or Brindle?—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XXX—CONTINUED.

But she did not sleep, even when Parker had departed. She lay thinking, while the tears gathering and falling one by one, until they made a great wet spot on the pillow beneath her head. The shadow that hung over her young life was growing very dark.

Parker had hurried into her own room, where she then shut and locked the door, as afraid to think even while it was open, and then wrung her hands in a sort of agony.

"To think of it—to think of it!" she said, bursting into sudden sobs. "And Miss Enid so sweet and innocent and gentle! What has she done? What has she got to be put out of the way for? Just for the sake of the money, I suppose, that it may all go to that wretched little Master Dick! Oh, she's a wicked woman—a wicked woman; and I'd give my life never to have set eyes upon her, for she'll be the ruin of me body and soul!"

But "she" in this case did not mean Enid Vane.

Parker was aroused from her meditations by the sharp tinkle of a bell, which she knew that Mrs. Vane must have rung. She started when she heard it, and a look of disgust crossed her face; but, as she hesitated, the bell rang again, more imperiously than ever. Parker dashed the tears from her eyes, and sped down the long corridor to Mrs. Vane's dressing-room. Her nerves were trembling still.

"Why do you keep me in this way when I ring for you, Parker?" said Mrs. Vane, in her coldest tone. "I rang twice."

"Miss Vane wanted me, ma'am. I have been with her."

There was an odd tremor in the woman's voice. Mrs. Vane surveyed her critically.

"You look very strange, Parker. What is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"No, ma'am; but Miss Vane is."

Flossy grew a shade paler and looked up. She was still in her dressing-gown—white, edged everywhere with costly lace—and her fair hair was hanging loose over her shoulders.

"Ill? What is the matter with her?"

"I—I thought perhaps you would know, ma'am," said Parker drawing nearer. Then, afraid of what she had said, she turned to a drawer, pulled it open, and began ransacking it diligently. From the momentary silence in the room she felt as if her shaft had gone home; but she dared not look round to see.

"What on earth do you mean, Parker?" said Mrs. Vane, after that one pause, which said so much to her maid's suspicious ears; the chill disdain in her voice was inimitable. "How can I tell you what is the matter with Miss Vane when I have not seen her since dinner-time yesterday? She was well enough, then—at least, as well as she has been since this trying weather began."

"Didn't you see her last night, ma'am, when you went to her room about eleven o'clock?" said Parker, trying to assume a bolder tone, but failing to hide her nervousness.

Again a short but unmistakable pause.

"No, I did not," said Mrs. Vane, coldly. "I listened at the door to see if she was asleep, but I did not go in."

"She seems to have been dreaming that you did, ma'am."

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Vane, a little hurriedly. "You should not attend to her fancies, Parker. You know that she has very odd fancies indeed sometimes. The shock of her father's death when she was a child had a very injurious effect upon her nerves, and I should never be surprised at anything that she chose to do or say. Pray don't get into the way of repeating her nonsense, or imagining that they must necessarily be true!"

"No, ma'am," said Parker submissively.

Evidently there was nothing more for her to say. Well, perhaps she had put her mistress on her guard.

"Oh, by-the-bye, Parker! There are two dresses of mine in the wardrobe—the brown one and the silk—that you can do what you like with. And I was thinking of sending a little present to your sister. You may take this purse—there are seven pounds in it; send it to her from me, if you like, as a little acknowledgment of your faithful services. And, if—if there is anything else that I can do for her, you need only mention it."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Parker, but without enthusiasm. "I don't know as there's anything that she wants at present."

"Take the purse," said Flossy impatiently; "and then go away and come back when I ring. I won't have my hair brushed just now. Is Miss Vane better?"

"Yes, ma'am—she's better now." And Parker went away, knowing very well that she had been bribed to hold her tongue.

But after that interview she noticed that Enid seemed to recover tone and strength, that for a few succeeding days she was more like herself than she had been of late, and that the symptoms of faintness and palpitation which she had mentioned to Mr. Ingledew disappeared. Parker nodded mysteriously as she remarked on these facts to her friend Jane, thought that for once her interference had had a good effect.

She had lately found less to report concerning Miss Vane's movements than before Mr. Lepel's visit; for Enid's ministrations amongst the poor had been almost entirely brought to a close on the ground that she could not bear the sight of suffering must necessarily be bad for her health. Accordingly she had gone less and less to the village, and had seen comparatively little of Mr. Evandale. Parker, being thus less often on duty, found more time than usual for her own various scraps of information, and on occasion one evening to run out to the post office when all the family were at dinner, and while at the post office she noticed a stranger in the village street—a highly respectable, very venerable-looking old man with picturesque white hair and beard.

"That's Mr. Dare, who's a-stayin' at the inn," said the postmistress to Parker, who was a person of considerable importance in village eyes. "Such a nice old gentleman! He comes from America, where they say he's made his fortune, and he's very liberal with his money."

So good a character interested Parker at once in Mr. Dare. She felt quite friendly when, in passing down the lane, she was accosted by the gentleman in question, who pulled off his hat to her politely, and asked her if she thought she could tell him if Mr. Lepel was likely to visit Beechfield Hall in the course of a week or two.

"Let us see," said Parker to herself—I heard yesterday that he was coming down next Saturday, just for a day or two, you know."

"I used to know a Mr. Lepel once," said the stranger, "and he did me a kindness. If this is the same, I'd like to thank him before I go. I heard him mentioned up at the Crown yonder, and wondered whether I could find out."

"I dare say it's the same—he's always a very kind gentleman," quoth Parker, remembering the half-crowns that Hubert had many a time bestowed on her.

"Fair, isn't he?" said Mr. Dare. "That was my Mr. Lepel—fair and short and stout, and a nice little wife and family——"

"Oh, dear, no—that isn't our Mr. Lepel" said Parker, with disdain. "He's tall and very dark and thin; and, as to being married, he's engaged to Miss Vane of Beechfield Hall, or as good as engaged, I know; and they're to be married when she's out of her teens, because the general, her uncle, won't consent to it before."

"Ah," said the stranger, "you're right; that's not the gentleman I know. Engaged, is he? And very fond of the young lady, I suppose?"

"Worships the very ground she treads upon!" said Parker. She would have thought it *infra dig.* to allow for one moment that Miss Enid did not meet with her deserts in the way of adoration! "He's always coming down here to see her. And she the same! I don't think they could be happy apart. He's just devoted!"

"And that," said Richard Dare to himself, "is the man who makes my girl believe that he is fond of her!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Hubert was sadly puzzled by Cynthia's manner to him at this time. She seemed to have lost her bright spirits; she was grave and even depressed; now and then she manifested a sort of coldness which he felt that he did not understand. Was this the effect of his confession to her that he had pledged his faith before he lost his heart? She had shown no such coldness when he told her first; but perhaps reflection had driven her tone. He began by trying to treat her ceremoniously in return; but he found it a difficult task. He had never been on very ceremonious terms at all with her, and to begin them now, when she had acknowledged that she loved him and he had kissed her ripe red lips—he said to himself that it was absurd.

He did not cease his visits to Madame della Scala's house, nor try to set up an artificial barrier between himself and Cynthia; for then should she? He would not have this coldness, this conventionality of demeanor, he told himself, for all the world; he never how to beat it down. For he certainly had no right to demand that she should treat him as her lover when he was engaged—or half engaged—to marry Enid Vane.

He came one evening in May, and found her on the point of starting for a *soiree* where she was to sing. She was an *pranat tenue* for the occasion, dressed, after an old Venetian picture, in dull red brocade, point-lace and gold ornaments. Hubert felt that he never fascinated himself—golden serpents with ruby eyes—which she had admired in a jeweler's window. But for the rest of her dress she was in no wise indebted to him; she had been making money lately, and could afford herself a pretty gown.

She received him, he thought, a little coolly—perhaps only because Madame della Scala was sitting by—gave him the tips of her fingers, and declared that she must go almost immediately. It was plain that he was bound for the same place; and Madame at once asked him to escort them thither—the carriage would be at the door at the appointed time.

"I shall be only too happy," said Mr. Lepel, "if you will allow me such an honor. And, in the meantime, it is not yet nine o'clock, Cynthia; so, in spite of your impatience, you can not start quite immediately. What is there so attractive at the Gores' this evening that you wish to set off so early?"

"Oh, nothing—I did not know the time!" said Cynthia.

"She did not reply jestingly, after her usual fashion; she sat down languidly, and spread her heavy skirts around her so as to make a sort of silken barrier between herself and Hubert. He bit his lip a little as he looked at her.

"Our little bird is not quite herself," said Madame, with a side grimace at Hubert, which she did not want Cynthia to see. "She has what our neighbors call *la migraine*, monsieur. She has never been used to the storm of her old uncle from America, whose fortune—if he has a fortune—does not seem likely to do any of us any good—her least of all."

Cynthia lowered her head a little and darted a sudden and fierce glance at her teacher and chaperon—a glance of which Hubert guessed the meaning. She had never mentioned this "uncle from America" to him; probably she had told Madame not to do so either, and the little Italian lady had broken her command.

Madame della Scala laughed and spread out her hands deprecatingly.

"*Che, Che*—what is it I have done to make you look so fierce at me? I will leave her at you, Mr. Lepel, and trust you to make her tractable before we reach the house where we are to sing. For in the few days I have not known how to content *la signorina* at all; she has twice refused to sing when refusal meant—well, I, two things—loss of money and loss of friends. Those are two things which I do not like at all."

So saying, Madame, with fan outstretched before her like a palm-leaf, moved towards the door; but Cynthia intercepted her.

"Madame, do not go!" she cried. "Indeed I am sorry! Do not make Mr. Lepel think that I have been behaving so like a petted child. I will do what you wish henceforward—I will indeed! Do not go, or I shall think that you are angry with me!"

"Angry with you, *carissima?* Not a bit!" said Madame, touching the girl's cut cheek with the end of her dainty fan. "Not angry, only a little—little tiny bit disappointed! But what of that? I forgive you! Genius must have its moods, its fancies, its passions. But calm yourself now, for Heaven's sake, or we shall be in bad voice to-night! I am just going to my room for a little my scent-bottle; I will return immediately;" and madame escaped.

Hubert was delighted with the little lady's manoeuvre, designed, as he knew, to leave him alone with Cynthia. As for Cynthia, she gave one scared look round, as if she dreaded to meet his eyes, then dropped into the nearest chair and drooped her head over her face. He thought that she was crying.

"Cynthia, my darling, what is all this?" he said, approaching her. "My dearest, you are not happy! What can I do?"

"Nothing," she answered, dashing away a tear and letting her hand fall into her lap—"nothing indeed!"

"But you are not—as madame says—quite like yourself."

"Never; I am very cross and disagreeable," said Cynthia, with a resolute assumption of gaiety. "I always had a bad temper; and it is well enough that you should find it out."

Without speaking he bent his head to kiss her, but she drew back.

"No!" she said, with decision. "No, Hubert—Mr. Lepel, I mean—that will not do!"

"What Cynthia!"

"We are not engaged. We are really nothing to each other; I was wrong to forget that before."

"This is surely a new view on the subject, Cynthia!"

"Yes; it is the view I have taken ever since I thought it over. We will be friends, if you like—I will always be your friend"—and there came over her face an indescribable expression of yearning and passionate regret—"but we must remember that I shall be nothing more."

"Nothing more? Why, my darling, do you forget what you promised me—that at the end of two years——"

"If you were free—yes," she interrupted him. "But it was a foolish promise. You know that you are not likely to be free. You—you know that we told you that I had loved me!" She set her teeth and gave him a look of bitter reproach.

"What does this mean?" said Hubert, flushing up to the roots of his hair. "I told you everything the next morning, Cynthia; and I acknowledged to you that I loved you only because I thought that I was too miserable a wretch for you to cast a sigh upon. You have changed since then—not I."

Cynthia suddenly rose from her chair.

"I hear the carriages," she said abruptly; "Madame is at the door. There is no use in continuing this conversation."

"No use at all," said Hubert, who by this time was not in the best of tempers. "Perhaps you would rather that I did not accompany you to-night, Miss West."

"Oh, pray come!" said Cynthia, with a heartless little laugh. "Madame will never forgive me if I deprive her of a cavalier! It does not matter to me."

Hubert turned at once to Madame della Scala, and offered her his arm with the courtesy of manner which she always averred she found in so few Englishmen, but which he displayed to perfection. Cynthia followed, not waiting for him to lead her to the carriage. He was about to hand her to her seat, but she had so elaborately encumbered herself with gloves, fan, bouquet, and sweeping silk train that it seemed as if she could not possibly disentangle her hands in time to receive his help. She took her seat beside Madame with her usual smiling nonchalance, and Hubert was waited for Mr. Lepel to take the opposite seat. He took off his hat and made a sweeping bow.

"Madame," he said, "I am unfeignedly sorry, but I find that circumstances will not allow me to accompany you this evening. Will you permit me therefore if I deliver the honor of the seat that you have offered me!"

This stately mode of speech was intended to pacify Madame della Scala, who liked to be addressed as if she were a princess; he knew that she would be angry enough at his defection. Before she had recovered herself so far as to speak, he fell back and signed to the coachman to drive on. They had left him far behind before madame ceased to vent her exclamations of wrath, despair, and disappointment.

"What can be mean by 'circumstances?'" This was the phrase that seemed most frequently in her tongue. "'Circumstances' do not allow me'! But that is nonsense—absolutely nonsense!"

"I think by 'circumstances' he meant me," said Cynthia at last—by which remark she diverted all madame's wrath upon her own unlucky head.

She did not seem to mind however. She looked brilliant that evening, and she sang her best. There was a royal personage amongst her hearers, and the royal personage spoke to be presented to her, and complimented her up on her singing. As Cynthia made her little curtsey and smiled her bright smile, she wondered what the royal personage would say if he knew that she was "Westwood, the renegade's daughter." She had been proud so too often in her earliest years ever to forget the title.

In spite of her waywardness that night, she was woman enough to wish that Hubert had been there to witness her triumph. She had never offended him before. She thought that perhaps he would come back, and darted hasty glances at the throng of gay listeners, she wondered what the royal personage would say if he knew that she was "Westwood, the renegade's daughter." She had been proud so too often in her earliest years ever to forget the title.

In spite of her waywardness that night, she was woman enough to wish that Hubert had been there to witness her triumph. She had never offended him before. She thought that perhaps he would come back, and darted hasty glances at the throng of gay listeners, she longing to see his dark face in some corner of the room. But she was disappointed; he did not come.

"Oh, Miss West," said her hostess to her, in the course of the evening, "do come here one moment! I hope you won't be very much bored; you young people always like other young people best, I know. But there is a lady here—an old lady—who is very much impressed by your voice—your charming voice, I should wish to know you; and she is really worth knowing, I assure you—gives delightful parties now and then."

"I shall be most happy!" said Cynthia brightly. "I like old ladies very much; they generally have something to say."

"Which young men do not, do they? Oh, fie, you naughty girl! I saw you with young Lord Frederick over there—Dear Miss Vane, this is our sweet songstress, Miss Cynthia West—Miss Vane. I have just been telling her how much you admire her lovely singing; and then the hostess hurried away.

Something like an electric shock seemed to pass through Cynthia's frame. She did not allow any trace of emotion, the smile did not waver on her lips; but suddenly, as she bowed gracefully to the handsome, keen-eyed old lady to whom she had just been introduced, she saw Enid's ragged, unlovely face, savage and wild and stray, fresh from the workhouse, standing on a summer day upon a dusty road, the centre of a little group of peasants whose faces turned back to her one by one with painful distinctness. There was the old lady—not so wrinkled as this old lady, but still with the same clearly-cut features, the same sharp eyes, the same inflexible mouth; there was the child with delicate limbs and dainty movements, with pretty, sympathetic eyes and fair, fine golden hair, which Cynthia had passionately admired as she had never admired any other hair and as she in the world thought there was a young man. His face had hitherto been the one that she thought she remembered best; she was suddenly aware that she had so idealized and glorified it that its very features had become unreal, and that when she met it in the flesh in later years it remained unrecognizable. Never once till now had it been borne in upon her that this hero of her childish dreams and her present lover were one and the same. It was a terrible shock to her—and greater even than she knew.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Miss West," said Miss Vane, holding out her hand so cordially that Cynthia could not in common politeness refuse to take it. "Your singing has delighted my mother, and though I am sure I may say, not least. You have been some time in Italy, I suppose? Do sit down here by me and tell me where you studied."

Cynthia fancied that there was same voice telling her what a wicked girl she was, and that she deserved to be whipped for running away from the workhouse. She repressed a little shudder, and answered smilingly:

"You are very kind. Yes, I have studied in Italy."

"Under Lamberti, I hear. Do you think of coming out in opera next season? You may always count me among your audience."

Cynthia remembered that this courteous gentlewoman had once put her hand over her eyes and declared that the sight of Westwood's daughter was too bitter for her endurance, injustice that had taken possession of the child's soul rose up as strong as ever in the woman. She winced at the bitterness, as she was free to rise from her seat and cry aloud:

"Yes, look at me—listen to me—for I am Westwood's daughter! I am the child of a felon, an escaped convict, a man whom you call a murderer—and I am proud of my name!"

Curiously enough, Miss Vane looked closely upon this subject before long. She was anxious to know whether Cynthia's name was her own or only assumed for stage purposes, and managed to put her question in such a way that it sounded less like impertinence than a manifestation of kindly interest—which was very clever of Miss Vane.

"No," said Cynthia coldly "'West' is not my name exactly; but I prefer to be known by it at present."

She had never said as much before; and Miss Vane felt herself a little bit snubbed, and decided that the new singer had not all good manners; but she meant to secure her for her next party nevertheless. She rather prided herself upon her parties.

To her utter surprise and bewilderment, Miss Cynthia West absolutely declined to come. She gave no reason except that she thought that she should come home long before dawn, feeling-rooms at all; and she was not to be moved by any consideration of payment. Miss Vane was shrewd enough to see that she did not know what she paid; but she was met by so frigid a glance that she was really colliged, in self-defence, to be silent. She carried away an unpleasant impression of Cynthia West, and was heard to say afterwards that she could believe anything of that young woman.

Cynthia was however acknowledged to have made in every other way a great success. Madame della Scala was delighted with her pupil, and quite forgot all the little disagreeables of the evening; while Cynthia, during their drive home, was as charming and as lively as she had ever been. When the carriage stopped at the quiet little house in Kensington, the weather had changed, and rain was falling rapidly. One of the servants was in waiting with an umbrella, ready to give an arm to madam, who alighted first. Cynthia followed, scarcely noticing the man who stepped forward to assist her, until something prompted her suddenly to look at his face. Then she uttered an inarticulate exclamation.

"Yes, it is I," said Hubert. "I have been waiting to help you out. I don't know how I have offended you; but, whatever it is, forgive me, Cynthia—I can't bear your displeasure!"

"No! I forgive," she said, with a sob; and, under the umbrella that he was holding, she actually held up her face to be kissed.

Nobody saw the little ceremony of reconciliation. The next moment Cynthia was in the hall, having her dress shaken out and let down by a yawning maid's drowsy active hands, and Hubert was gone from off, and the hall door was shut, and Hubert Lepel was out in the street, with a wall between him and his love. There were tears in Cynthia's eyes as she went wearily, her gaiety all departed, up to her room. Nobody suspected that the charming singer whose gaiety and audacity, as well as her beauty, had won all hearts that evening passed half the night in weeping on the hard floor—weeping over the fate that divided her from her lover. For ever since the day that she had learned from her father that Hubert Lepel was a cousin of the Vanes—more than ever now she knew that he was the man who had befriended her in her childhood—she felt it to be utterly impossible that she should marry him until he knew the truth; and the truth—that she was Westwood's daughter—would, she felt sure, part him from her for ever.

(To be continued.)

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OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Although Stanley had met Hugh Cameron with such graceful ease and composure, her heart was beating rapidly as she drove homewards through the London streets. She had been dreading this meeting ever since their arrival in London; but it had affected her even more than she had feared it would. Hugh's haggard face, his agitation, his vain endeavor to regain his composure, caused her infinite pain; he was so changed in appearance and manner, he looked so ill and so unhappy. During the remainder of the night she could not sleep; his haggard features se-med to haunt her; she had her face in her pillows, trying to shut out the vision, but she could not; and, when she raised her head, they were wet with her tears. He was very unhappy, she told herself pitiously; and she loved him too well even now not to have preferred his happiness to her own.

The next morning her father saw that she was pale and that she looked tired; and, when they were alone after breakfast, and she told him quietly that she had seen the Cameron-, there was a sudden swift gleam of anger in his blue eyes. He had not forgiven Hugh that insult, which still rankled in his heart. His daughter slipped her hand within his arm and rested her cheek caressingly against his shoulder.

"I want you to be good to him when you meet, dear," she said gently. "I do not think he is very happy; and, father, I have thought many times that my letter never reached him—otherwise he would have answered it in some way or other. Nothing in all our friendship with him should lead us to attribute discourtesy to him."

"But letters generally reach their destinations, Stanley," demurred Sir Humphrey drily.

"Some do not, dear," she answered pathetically. "Father, I feel sure that mine did not!"

"I am certain it did, Stanley!" the old man replied, thinking of his own letter, and deciding that, if one had miscarried, a second was not likely to fail.

"But I am not," she persisted, with a tremulous laugh, although the tears by which she stood seemed a blurred mass before her tear-dimmed eyes. "And I want you to be kind and considerate when you meet him. Will you, dear? Ah, father, do, for my sake!"

Sir Humphrey hesitated for a few moments, then he bent his head and kissed her.

"I always get your own way, Stanley," he said lightly. "But it is almost time for our visit to Graham. If we do not hurry, Stanley, we shall have to pass a bad quarter of an hour in his waiting-room with a score of other unhappy mortals."

Doctor Graham was an old friend of Sir Humphrey's—a relative of his dead wife's—and one of the first physicians of the day. He usually saw Sir Humphrey at informal hours, and the time appointed this morning was half an hour before his usual hour for receiving patients. On arriving in Harley street, Sir Humphrey was shown in to the doctor, and Stanley was ushered into a small drawing-room on the ground floor, where she usually waited for her father. She had not been there more than a minute when Doctor Graham's voice sounded in the hall without, and he entered the drawing-room where she was with a tray to whom he was speaking in firm decided tones. Stanley rose, rather embarrassed, and at the first glance scarcely recognized Mrs. Cameron in the woman whom the physician put into a chair before he perceived Stanley.

"Stanley," he exclaimed then, "I did not know you were here; but I am very glad to see you! You are a sensible girl, and I want you to see that Mrs. Cameron swallows the potion I will send her in a few minutes. You know each other, of course!"

"Oh, yes!" replied Stanley, as she went forward to the *fauteuil* wherein Hugh's wife was resting. She looked white and exhausted, but forced a smile to her lips as she held out her hand to Stanley, while the doctor hurried away.

"You are not here for advice," she said faintly, "and yet you go out a good deal, do you not? Doctor Graham has been scolding me for doing so."

"I do not think I go out much in the ordinary sense of the word," Stanley returned gently. "My father is not very well, and we did not come up to town until last week. I am very sorry that you are not very strong!"

"Oh, I never was robust!" Laura answered. "You remember at Combermere," she added, with a laugh, "I frightened you, did I not?" flushing faintly under Stanley's grave eyes as she spoke.

"I am not much used to illness," Stanley replied; "but I think you are not looking well now, and that it would be wiser to take Dr. Graham's advice."

"No doubt, if it were possible," agreed Mrs. Cameron, with a touch of bitterness; "but the best of physicians know very little about one's ailments. He tells me to live quietly and avoid excitement—and it is not at all possible to do that—and not to worry—and it is never possible not to do that!" she added, with a gesture of despair which startled Stanley.

"You surely can have no cause for worry," said the girl; "and you must obey the doctor for your husband's sake, you know."

"Yes," rejoined Laura eagerly. "You will not tell him you met me here, will you? He does not know, and he would be so anxious! Please say nothing!"

"Of course," replied Stanley, wondering at Laura's sudden excitement; "although I think you yourself ought to tell him that Doctor Graham says and let him enforce his advice," she added, with a smile.

"Oh, no—oh, no, he must not know! He would ask questions, and——" She sank back trembling on the cushions. "You will say nothing! Promise me that you will say nothing!"

"I am not likely to say anything to him," Stanley answered, looking at her, wondering at the terror and nervousness she betrayed; then, with a sudden pang of pity for the trembling woman, she bent towards her and took her hands. "Dear Mrs. Cameron," she said, "are you wise or right in keeping from your husband of your indifferent health? I think you ought not to keep him ignorant of it. And, if so much gaiety is bad for you, why do you not leave town and go away for a time?"

"Because I dare not!" replied Laura, with sudden passion. "Ah, you don't understand! How could you! You are like Doctor Graham. He says, 'Keep yourself quiet—don't excite yourself.' It is so easy to do so—so easy when——"

She paused abruptly, and, taking Stanley's hand, put it to her side. The girl felt the heavy beating of Laura's heart beneath her touch; it throbbed heavily, yet in a labored manner, and so violently that Stanley's face turned pale.

"You feel it?" asked Laura Cameron, with a faint smile. "It is often so—very often both day and night. It will kill me some day," she added, in a low voice, as if speaking to herself. "He will be satisfied then! His revenge will be complete!"

Her thoughts seemed to have wandered away, there was a terrible expression of fear on her face, and she looked at Stanley as if she did not recognize her.

"Is not this nights which are so terrible!" she went on huskily. "If I sleep, you know, I wake up in terror, fainting, bathed in perspiration, thinking; but——" She broke off suddenly, dropping Stanley's hand and staggering as she rose from her seat. "I must be mad!" she said faintly. "What nonsense I have been talking—to you of all people! You will forget what I have said. Did I frighten you? You must have thought that I was go'ng crazy!" She had forced a smile to her lips; but it was such a ghastly mockery that it was almost terrible to see. She sank heavily back among the cushions. "You see what an excitable mortal I am," she said feebly. "I am always talking nonsense!"

Before Stanley could answer, a servant entered with the restorative which Doctor Graham had sent for Mrs. Cameron. Laura's hand shook so as she took the medicine that she spilt some of the contents on her gown, but she drank the remainder; and Stanley gave the glass back to the servant, who left the room.

A silence followed, which was only broken by Doctor Graham's entrance.

"I have come to take you to your carriage," he said to Laura. "I hope you have made up your mind to obey me. You know the alternative—I must tell Mr. Cameron, and I am quite sure he would be a very unpleasant person to quarrel with."

"I too am sure of that," she returned, with a bitter smile; "so I will obey you."

She turned to Stanley. The girl's face showed plainly the concern she felt, and Laura's lip quivered.

"Will you come and see me sometimes?" she said pleadingly. "I have so few real friends, and I should like to be friends with you, although——" She paused abruptly, then added, "Will you come? I am very unwell, Doctor Graham says; so I ought to be humored, like an invalid."

Doctor Graham looked at them keenly as he waited—at the two beautiful faces so strangely unlike, the one flushed now, the blue eyes fever-bright, the lips unsteady; the other, so sweet and compassionate and steadfast, with the grave tender lips at rest, the earnest eyes so full of truth and compassion.

"I will come, certainly," said Stanley. "Doctor Graham does not forbid visitors, I hope?"

"No—nor some little dissipation," he observed, smiling. "But he recommends moderation in both; he thinks—entertaining three balls every night for six weeks and days given up to matinees and conversaziones, *et cetera*. Your father will be here directly, Stanley. He is much better to-day. I left him discussing Royalties with Doctor Foster," he added, with a laugh, as he led Mrs. Cameron out of the room.

In a few minutes he came back, looking grave and somewhat troubled. He took Stanley's hand and looked at her very kindly, but said nothing; and she hesitated to speak lest she should disturb some painful thought.

"Poor soul!" he said, after a short pause—"poor woman!"

"Is she so ill!" asked Stanley, the color fading from her face.

"She is so ill that I am helpless," he answered gravely. "Her illness is one which baffles physicians, my child. It has some secret trouble or grief undermining her strength and wearing her out. She does not confide in me; but I can understand something of it. She seems to be a prey to continual fear and dread. I can guess what her life is; I see how she suffers. Her heart cannot long stand such a strain as she is subjected to. And yet what a pity—what a pity, so lovely a woman, with all the world can give her—all but happiness!"

He had been holding Stanley's hand all the time; but now he dropped it and walked slowly to the other end of the room, then came back and laid his hand kindly upon the girl's shoulder.

"Stanley, I think you can help her, if you will," he said. "She has asked you to be her friend; I am glad she saw you here to-day; I have been wishing that you should meet; but—"

"You have forgotten," interposed Stanley, in a low tone.

"I have forgotten nothing!" he answered. "It is because I remember that I ask you, Stanley. I never knew why your engagement was broken off, because, greatly interested as I am in you, I am a very busy man, and my intervals of leisure are few; but, if that poor woman was instrumental in the rupture, she——"

"Oh, no—oh, no!" cried Stanley, quickly. "She had nothing to do with it, cousin William!"

"I am glad of that," he said. "I feared she had wronged you; I hope she has not. You said you would go and see her, my child; but it may be that you meant merely to pay her a morning call. I want you to do more than that Stanley. I want you—as you can so well, if you like—to win her confidence. The friendship of a true and good woman would be of inestimable value to her; it might even prolong her life."

"I am afraid she would not confide in me," the girl answered. "We have never known much of each other."

"But you might induce her to confide in her husband," urged the physician. "I have met Hugh Cameron of course; but I really know very little of him. I am sure however of one thing—that Humphrey Gerant would not have agreed to his marriage with his daughter if he had not had a very high opinion of him; and I think he is not a man likely to make a woman's life unhappy, especially when he is bound to that woman by the holiest of ties."

"He is very good and true and noble," Stanley rejoined steadily. "I am sure he could not be unkind to any one—above all to his wife."

"I am sure too," agreed Doctor Graham. "But men have so many unconscious ways of making a woman's heart ache, even when they feel tenderly towards her. That she loves him passionately I knew before they became man and wife. During his severe illness—"

Stanley looked up with a start.

"His severe illness! Has Hugh been ill? I did not know that!" she said quickly, in a low tone.

"He was very ill in the autumn—in October; I think, I don't quite know all the particulars; but one morning Lady Beacham, driving by one of the stations—Waterloo, I think—saw a crowd assembled round a swooning man and discovered to her astonishment, that it was Hugh Cameron. He had come up by one of the night trains, had walked out of the station, and had fainted suddenly. She took him home in her carriage to her house in Park Lane, sent for Miss Cameron, and between them they nursed him through a long and dangerous illness which followed his swoon. I was called in for a consultation, and I scarcely thought he would have pulled through—it was many weeks before the danger was over."

Stanley's face turned deathly pale, and, involuntarily, she put out her hand and grasped the mantelshelf.

The doctor noticed her agitation, and gave her a few minutes to recover herself before he spoke again. He saw that she was deeply moved, and he did not guess the anguish and remorse that were torturing her.

"He was scarcely convalescent when they were married," the doctor continued. "They joined Mr. Cameron and Lady Sara in Algiers then. I heard all this from Lady Marian Ashton a short time after my return. Lady Marian thinks her nephew's illness had been kept from her; she was at her house at Richmond during a great part of the time, and knew nothing of his critical condition. His wife says it was by his own wish; but of course for some weeks he knew nothing of what was going on about him. The whole business seemed rather mysterious—or romantic, shall we say? But, in any case, the marriage, I fear, is scarcely a happy one; and she is a very miserable woman. She needs a friend—a kind, faithful, woman-friend; and, Stanley, see if you cannot be that friend. I know I am asking a great deal," he resumed, after a thoughtful silence; "but I know too of whom I am asking it. I am not exposing you to any danger, my child," he added, gravely. "She is a great deal alone."

Stanley was silent for a few moments. She felt sure now that the letter she had written to Hugh had never reached him; and the thought occurred to her that perhaps Laura could explain why it had not done so. A curious sense of repulsion came over her at her silence; but she conquered it before she spoke.

"I will do what I can," she said; "but it will be very little, cousin William. Do you not think it would be better to write to Miss Cameron and ask her to come to her? She could comfort her, I am sure, if any one can."

"It is scarcely comfort she needs," he answered. "You will guess what it is, my child, when you see more of her."

At this moment Sir Humphrey entered smiling at the result of his contest with Doctor Foster. He looked grave however when Doctor Graham spoke of the help he was asking from Stanley; the proposal was evidently one which did not meet with his approval.

"You are upsetting all my plans, Graham!" he said, rather testily, while Stanley moved away to the window to leave them free. "I was hoping that child would forget, but how can she, if you expose her to the danger of constantly meeting Hugh Cameron?"

"Do you think she is a girl who is likely to forget?" Doctor Graham answered quietly. "There is no place where she is less likely to meet Hugh Cameron than in his wife's boudoir. I think the effort to help a very unhappy woman, who is learning the curse of gratified wishes, will do her good; and you know I love her well, for her mother's sake as well as her own."

"But we shall not be in town more than a few days," Sir Humphrey objected.

"Is that so? I am sorry! I have heard a good deal of Lord Sevon's attentions to Stanley. It is early days yet perhaps; but in time——"

Sir Humphrey shook his head. He was thinking of his daughter's face when she had said to him, "There never will be any one but you, father." He did not think Lord Sevon had much chance. Rank and wealth would have no influence over Stanley, who had refused him more than once.

"Great is the power of time!" said Doctor Graham, in a low tone. "Your father has given his permission, Stanley," he added, as the girl joined them; "and I am grateful to you both. But I am sorry your stay in town will be so short."

"We could only came up to see you—and for Lola Bateman's wedding," Stanley returned, smiling.

"Lola Bateman's wedding! Of course, I had almost forgotten! Lola married! I remember when she was born! Let me see—when is the great day?"

"Thursday next; it will be such a pretty wedding," said Stanley, brightly. "You are to be there, of course!"

The doctor shook his head, smiling.

"And my patients! But I am going to Lady Marian Ashton's garden party that afternoon. I was hoping to see you there."

"Oh, we are going!" Stanley answered. "Mr. Ashton was very persuasive to us at Sevon House last night; so I decided to go—and father is obediently coming also. We shall be a little late; but Lola leaves early in the afternoon. I have been at The Nook once. What a lovely place it is!"

"Yes, it is a pretty house," agreed Doctor Graham, smiling. "Lady Marian is an interesting study to me. There are two very two sisters more unlike than she and Lady Sara! Ah, there goes my bell! I only wish I could send off all my patients with as satisfactory an account of themselves as I can give of you, Sir Humphrey! Stanley, as the chance of meeting your hostess is a temptation—if I accepting Lady Marian's invitation, I shall expect a great deal of attention at your hands. I am not sure that I shall not ask you to take me out in a boat."

"If you do, I will take the greatest care of you," the girl answered demurely.

"Then I give you a rendezvous at The Nook on Thursday," he said gally, as they parted, little thinking in what strange and tragic circumstances they would meet at the time and place he had laughingly appointed.

(To be Continued.)

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

EMILY.—Selfish, decided and vain.

ELSIE.—Original, reserved and prudent.

NIXIE.—Cautious, selfish and kind-hearted.

JANE.—Sensitive, sympathetic and generous.

MEG.—Self-esteeming, ambitious, willful and generous.

ELLA.—Self-esteeming, decisive, erratic and kind-hearted.

LUCIE.—Impulsive, self-esteeming and variable in disposition.

BRENDA.—Erratic, determined, merry-hearted and a little vain.

GERT, Picton.—Indecision, reserve, carelessness are strongly marked.

MAY, Belleville.—Determination, perseverance and generosity are shown by your writing.

DIX.—Selfishness, ambition and indecision are the salient characteristics denoted by your writing.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Shelburne.—Writes to any newsdealer for the selection entitled The Death of Nelson.

WESTWARD-HO.—Prudence, prudence, prudence! ambition and much decision are exhibited by this writing.

INGOMAR, Woodstock.—Energetic, vivacious, warm-hearted, but rather reserved. Am I not right?

FLORENCE, Goderich.—Vanity, self-relian-e and susceptibility to the influence of friends are shown by your writing.

BERNHIT, Goderich.—Much originality, considerable generosity and self-will are exhibited by your penmanship.

MRS HEAL.—I think you are kind-hearted, Meb, but I am afraid that you are rel h and vain. Aren't you? Honestly now.

IDALIA.—A calculating disposition, independence of thought, decision in action, and a sensitive nature are shown by your writing.

NAIDEN, Montreal.—Vivacity, cheerfulness, considerable decision and a good deal of self-esteem are shown by your writing.

UNDINE.—Much warmth of feeling, a vivacious and hopful nature, considerable willfulness and a little pride are denoted by your writing.

DREAMER.—Independence, susceptibility to the influence of friends, a gay and lively disposition and much sympathy are denoted by your writing.

ATHLIN, Goderich.—Your writing denotes vanity, ambition, a practical turn of mind, considerable self-reliance and an impressionable nature.

MIGNA, Detroit.—Impulse, much warmth of feeling and frankness are denoted by your writing. I trust your prediction about Canada will not occur.

LOTIER, Belleville.—Many thanks for your kind letter. Your writing shows a large amount of conscientiousness, ambition, willfulness and self-esteem.

KEKO.—Your writing denotes precision, ambition, reserve, and, moreover, I would think you high-spirited, affectionate, very self-reliant and a little self-conceited.

HELENA L., Aurora.—Carelessness, self-esteem and energy are marked by your writing. Light brown. Do you wish to avoid the gentlemen? It would be a sad matter for you to decide.

SYDNEY.—A letter sent me by mistake, I presume, and addressed to your "Dear Mary," awaits you here. If you do not claim it within a reasonable time I shall feed it to the "office cat."

ETHEL MAUDE.—1. Consult a physician. 2. Olive oil will keep your eyebrows glossy, but vaseline is better to thicken them. Your writing shows frankness and a sensitive and syn pathetic nature.

INQUIRER.—From the bare facts, I should say that it was wrong. Circumstances do continually occur in connection that it is unjust to judge others and quite a task to decide upon one's own course.

CLEOPATRA, Belleville.—It is too bad your letters were not answered. They could not have reached me. Your writing shows self-will, kindness, generosity, self-esteem, and an impressionable nature.

WALK-IN-THE-WATER.—Much policy, energy and prudence are denoted by your hand-writing. 1. Merry, self-reliant and cautious. 2 Fickle, erratic, original and moody. 3. Vain, persevering and very practical.

EDITH CLAYPEAK.—You are probably a warm-hearted little mortal, with a large idea of your own ability, a warm spot in your heart for your friends, a temper like a summer day and a sympathy which reaches out to all.

ORA.—Your writing shows self-esteem, perseverance, considerable decision, selfishness and a calculating nature. So you don't think you will be "hard to take." Well, of course you ought to know, but——.

BEVERLEY, Brantford.—I am afraid, Miss Buttercup, that you are Irish, from near Blarney Castle. Your writing shows a great deal of stick-to-it-iveness and a kind and affectionate though self-willed nature.

ARTHURS, Cobourg.—Yes, a girl with dark hair and eyes may wear pale blue if she has a pinkish tinge in her cheeks. If the complexion be sallow, though, avoid it. Writing denotes conceit, self-reliance and generosity.

GALATEA, Lindsay.—Your "bump of order" must be quite well developed, and I should say that you were very high-spirited, rather decisive, a little selfish and a little vain. You are doubtless also impulsive and impressionable.

JOAN OF ARC, Picton.—A bride-e'ect often gives her intended husband a wedding gift, but it is a custom which is not generally followed. Your handwriting denotes an impulsive and rather selfish nature, willfulness, decision and self-esteem.

BLOND IN BLUE.—Attention to diet, care in bathing and a soothing lotion or salve will help the roughness of skin and the pi ples. Try glycerine and rose-water in equal parts, applying it to the face at night, and washing off with tepid water in the morning. I do not know your handwriting. No, twenty is not too old.

LOLA, DOON, Stratford.—The story of the black box was circulated at the time of the rising in favor of the Duke of Monmouth. It is said that Lucy Walters was the wife of Charles, and that the mysterious box held the marriage contract. Your writing shows indecision, a merry nature and much independence.

WM.—The first writing shows selfishness, languor and self-will. The second is much the same, showing though more decision and less languid laziness. Now, my dear Wm, you are very unreasonable. How could I tell you which color of eyes would suit the hair best If Miss Golden-hair has dark brown eyes, she looks good one of them, and taks of her Spanish grandmothers. If they are blue, she smiles and looks sweet; if violet she reads poetry, and so on. I have no idea because I don't know. Black will well with green eyes if the green were a pretty shade.

CLARICINE, Hamilton.—History has few details regarding Gerald, who gives his name to the fourteenth of February. It is stated, however, that he was a bishop who suffered martyrdom in the third century, and that his remains are preserved in the Church of Praxedes at Rome There was a Pagan ceremony taking place in February, at which the names of young women were drawn from a box; and the custom became, at a much later date, quite a common one in England and Scotland. But I know of no cause to be called Saint Valentine's or how Valentine got to be a saint anyway is still a mystery. Your writing shows originality, artistic and impressionable nature and self-esteem.

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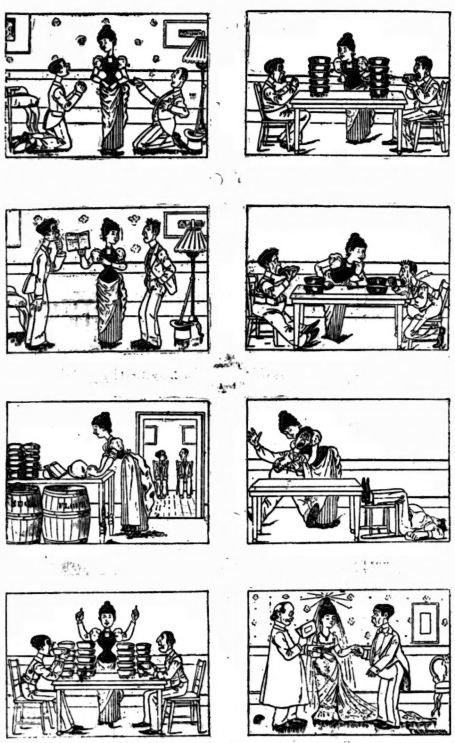

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'Varsity Chat.

Since Premier Mercier has striven to cover himself with a coat of whitewash for recent financial escapades of his, it is to be hoped he will get his little ten thousand dollar scheme through the Quebec House, in order to give us a chance of promptly declining his contemptible hush-money. It is scarcely likely that the distinguished statesman's love for an undenominational university is excessive. I was going to say we feared him even bringing gifts, but although we do not fear him we do not want his gifts. We can worry along all right if he will only pay his own taxes.

•

Historian Brydone, '90, is busily engaged on the '90 year book, which is to be published shortly after convocation.

•

The Mathematical and Physical Society has picked up the thread of its weekly meetings. On Tuesday afternoon, in room No. 3, Mr. J. W. Odell read a paper entitled Summation of Series. After this paper experiments occupied the attention of the members.

•

A public debate was held at Wycliffe on Friday evening under the auspices of the Literary Society connected with that Institution. The subject discussed was: That for the efficient work of the ministry voluntary celibacy of the clergy is preferable to married life. This question is occupying the attention of the world at present, and especially of the Anglican church. It has been brought into prominence by the well-known utterances of so distinguished a churchman as Archdeacon Farrar. It is said that the Archdeacon has little influence with the upper, the really upper, classes in England, and, if we may trust Matthew Arnold's opinion, no doubt the devil is the oracle for said upper classes. The debaters on Friday were, on the affirmative, Messrs. L. E. Skey, B.A., and J. W. J. Andrews, and on the negative, Messrs. F. Robertson and F. M. Holmes. Rev. H. G. Baldwin, M.A., kindly discharged the duties of chairman.

•

We have not yet ceased congratulating ourselves on the great success of the Pavilion concert. The net gain to the society will be over one thousand dollars.

•

The library grows larger every day. I had the pleasure of looking over a long list of books offered by a friend of the University the other day. No better evidence of a man's sincerity can be found than his willingness to offer the best books in his library as a gift. Good books cost a great deal of money at any time, but they become more valuable with time, and so to offer one's best book-friends, is a sacrifice indeed.

•

As the time for Literary Society elections draws near it is amusing to observe the sudden and wide-mouthed solicitude displayed for all University things. There flashes forth a brain-born genius for energetic paper-finance and miracle-working; no issue is so dead as to be incapable of resuscitation for campaign purposes. We ought to have a chair in ward politics, since we give evidence of so much native talent in that direction.

•

An intimation has been received from Mr. L. Embree, M.A., head master of Parkdale Collegiate Institute, that his pupils intend holding a concert in the public hall of the school in order to raise money to assist in the reconstruction of the library. This is a highly commendable undertaking which might well serve as an example to many a similar institution in the province. The glee club will assist at Parkdale. NEMO.

Night

Now soothing night-time darkles on the pool,
The white star sparkles in the peaceful sky,
The farmer makes a bee line for his couch,
And hears the feline warble on the fence.

The flutist now begarbles Nancy Lee,
The small boy's marbles rest with all his tops,
While Artemis so queenly lightly floats,
Above the world serenely in her course.

While moonlit woods are stretching far away,
A silver etching for the poet's eye
The gentle night wind rushes in the corn,
The agile negro hustles for your hens,

The flowers beaming with the pearls of night,
The farmer's dreaming of the waving crops,
While of the good pile he'll rake in next fall
He dreams, his wood-pile softly melts away.

R. K. M. in *N. Y. Sun.*

A Prize.

We will give a $10.00 pair of pants for the best poem of not over six lines upon the subject of A Tailor's Goose, replies to be sent on or before Saturday, March 15. The winning poem will be published Saturday, March 22, in this paper. Taylor & Co., Art Tailors, 89 Yonge street, Toronto.

The Swedish Ladies National Concert Company has actually been engaged for Toronto. They will be at the Pavilion on Friday and Saturday of next week. This is said to be one of the most superb musical organizations that have ever entertained concert-goers in Toronto. It is composed of eight young ladies of remarkable ability and training from the land of Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson. They were carefully selected by Professor August Edgren, choirmaster of the Royal Opera for the King of Sweden, and without exception they surpass in power, purity and richness of culture any company that has ever come to this continent. Everywhere that they have appeared so far they have evoked the most unbounded enthusiasm The Swedish girls appear on the stage dressed in the picture-que garb of peasant dress of the different provinces of their own land. No one should miss this rare opportunity. The management in Toronto has set the laudible example of giving every one an opportunity to hear these famous singers, and at the same time making everybody comfortable, by fixing the price of their tickets at a very low figure, and reserving all the seats in the house.

Indian Fakirs.

George Frederick Parsons, writing in the New York *Ledger*, says: "The writer was dining at a military mess in Fort William, Calcutta, one evening, when, the dessert being on the table, it was announced that a Fakir of some celebrity was on hand, and would like to be permitted to give a performance. He was collecting for some temple, for these Fakirs never accept money for themselves, or any reward that can be considered personal, beyond simple food. He was introduced, and proved a tall, thin, very dark and rather dirty personage, apparently well on in years. He went through an ordinary performance, took up his collection, and was about to withdraw, when a somewhat lively dispute arose among some of the officers as to the amount of trickery in his feats. Some insisted that it was all nothing but sleight-of-hand. Others were so confident that there was more than legerdemain in it. At last somebody turned to the Fakir and asked him if he was willing to do something out of his regular programme, to convince the skeptical. He bowed, glanced around the mess-room and fixed his eyes upon the wax candles in sconces which were fixed against the wall all around the apartment. Stepping near the door, he extended his hand toward the nearest candle, the flame of which, as his index finger pointed to it, flickered, bent over as by a puff of wind, and went out. The Fakir's finger was then pointed at the next candle, which was extinguished in the same way, and without moving from where he stood, he put out every candle in the sconces, the most distant being full five-and-thirty feet from him. With a similar simple motion he next relighted all the candles, the flame returning to each at its full height, and not increasing by degrees as when one lights a cold candle.

This feat was naturally very effective, and the younger men in the mess (it is always the youngest men who find the least difficulty in explaining strange phenomena) were at first almost reduced to silence. A few moments, however, sufficed to rally their discouraged skepticism, and then a cross fire of suggestions, conjectures, theories and guesses rolled all round the table. Then the candles were lit alight. It was easy enough to refuse to believe that they had ever been extinguished. Those who really knew something about the Fakirs for the most part kept silence, probably thinking it useless to waste any energy on a sultry evening in disputing an incredulity which was perverse rather than rational, and consequently the harder to remove. The Fakir himself, however, seemed a little put out at the inconclusive results of his performance, and advancing respectfully to the colonel, who sat at the head of the table, he intimated that he stood prepared to give the sahibs a more convincing proof of his power, but that he would not venture upon it without a preliminary guarantee of immunity. It might, he said, make some of the sahibs angry, but he would engage most solemnly that it would not injure any one a particle. This exordium roused the curiosity of the men, and the Fakir quickly received the assurance that, whatever he did, no harm should befall him. Upon this promise he stepped to the door as though to pass out, stopped suddenly and turned round, and, lifting his hand, said in Hindustanee:

"No sahib can move until I permit him!"

Of course, every one instantly tried to move—and every one failed. There we sat, not precisely as if glued to our chairs, but rather as if paralyzed from the waist down. The general sensation, as ascertained later by comparing notes, was that of loss of feeling in the legs and feet. It was not the volition that was suspended. We could try to move. We could will to send the message to our legs, but the message somehow would not go. The telegraph line was broken. A more curious feeling it would be impossible to conceive of, and it is very hard to describe it intelligibly, but the central fact is, that the Fakir had spoken the truth, and that nobody in the room could stir from his chair, strive he never so fiercely. I suppose it was in order to let our realization of the truth penetrate us thoroughly, that the Fakir kept us in that somewhat awkward and humiliating position nearly ten minutes. To several the time seemed much longer than that, and had the mutiny then occurred, probably the common and first thought would have been, how easily the throats of all the officers of a regiment might be cut, with the help of a performing Fakir.

Much discussion followed the departure of the Fakir, but the gallant officers of the ——th were much better fighters than thinkers, and not one of them approached the true explanation of the strange power exerted by the Fakir.

Knew the Sex.

Mrs. Slogan (at an L station)—Don't you ever trust a man as long as you live. They're all frauds, every one of 'em.

Daughter—Why, ma! All?

"Every one, no exception at all. Look at that man near the news stand. The brute!"

"Why, he looks the very picture of gentleness and refinement."

"Oh, yes; but he's standing there gazing at a rat poison poster, all the same. I'll bet his wife has a pet poodle."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The Adjective Habit.

Did anybody ever hear a gushing young lady tell what she thought about anything extraordinary? Well, that's nothing to what they write. We have analysed a short story written by one of them, and find that "splendid" occurs 64 times; "beautiful," 77; "delightful," 61; "nice," 611; "delicious," 205; and "lovely," 63.

They Had No Angels.

A farmer sent to an orphan asylum for a boy that was smart, active, brave, tractable, prompt, industrious, clean, pious, intelligent, good-looking, reserved and modest. The superintendent wrote back that, unfortunately, they had only human boys in that institution.

Changeable Weather.

Maine Man (finishing a story)—Yes, sir. I killed that bear with nothin' but this little jackknife. Guess you never hed a tussle with a bear, did ye?

New York Liar—Oh, yes. I was out fishing one day on Staten Island, when a big bear made a rush for me and knocked the pole out of my hand, leaving me without even that means of defence. Well, sir, I grabbed that bear, threw him down, and held him there until he froze to death.

Maine Man (sneaking)—I might 'a' done that many a time myself, but the weather up our way don't change so quick as it does here.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The Reason Why.

Reporter (to editor)—Why do you pitch into the other paper in the village? They never allude to us.

Editor—That's just it. We must make them. I am bound to have them go for us, and then we shall get some advertising out of it. Business must be boomed.

The Oshkosh Literary Movement.

"I had an article accepted by the editor of the *Gazette* yesterday," said Si.

"What was it about?"

"About forty inches round. It was a pumpkin."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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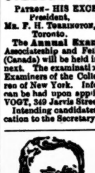
Intending candidates for examination should give notification to the Secretary before the 1st of May.



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Sufferings of an Aged Farmer.

Perhaps there never was a man who loved money more than did Farmer Grind. He drew a long deep-breath sigh and stood up against a slanting sunbeam which came into the barn through a crack in the big door where he was at work. It was just as well to preserve it, for sighs were not as bright and fresh with him as they used to be in days before he had the asthma, so he thought it best to lay it by for future use; in fact, Farmer Grind laid everything by for future use that he could.

It was really sad to see this white-haired old man, this weather beaten, green old stump of the forest, bowed down with grief, and the pitiful tears came into his eyes and trickled down to the end of his nose, from which he ever and anon wiped them with the back of his gnarled and brawny hand.

"You seem under the influence of a heavy sorrow, Brother Grind," remarked the young parson, who had entered unperceived, and seated himself on an upturned horse bucket, while the farmer was stuffing another bunch of straw into the cutter.

The farmer looked up with a weary smile of recognition and replied after he had changed his quid to the other cheek:

"Yes, brother, the hand of misfortune has rested heavily upon me. I try to bear it like a Christian, but it's mighty hard, pa'son, and it goes powerful agin the grain to be resigned."

"I hope so, my afflicted brother, and trust that I may offer the consolation of religion," said the parson sympathetically; "but in what way have you been bereaved? I hope your wife——"

"Oh, Betsy, she's all right," interrupted the farmer.

"And the children—I had not heard that you have lost any of the children?" and the parson grew more animated in his interest.

"Not as I know of," said the farmer, "not a blamed kid; the children are doing well enough."

"Where, then, has the blow fallen, brother? At what sacred place in the family circle has the dread shaft of the Death angel been turned to bring sadness into a once happy home? The wind, I trust, will be tempered to the shorn lamb."

"The family circle is all serene, pa'son, but as for misfortune, I should rather think I've had my share since I saw you. You know that colt—that or'nary plug that uster run in the calf lot than? Well, sir, last spring I—I——"

At this point the old man completely broke down, sobbed audibly and gritted his teeth. "I sold him to Gabe Cummings for $50 and an old hair bridle."

"Seems to me that was a fair price," said the parson.

"Seemed to me, at the time that it war, but this is a weary world, pa'son, and we never know what trials is in store for us. I know, pa'son, you'll pardon my emotion when I tell you the news that I only heard this morning. What do you think, but that that dod-blamed fool colt, that I sold for $50 and an old hair bridle, made a mile last Monday in 2.20, and beat Silverton Maid on a $500 bet, and Gabe Cummings raked in all that wealth. There is not much temperin' of the shorn lamb to the wind in that. I'm the worst shorn lamb you ever see, pa'son, and it seems to me this is a mighty cold day fur lambs."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Dark Horse.

A dilapidated boy on the seat of a creaking cart was undertaking the task of urging a weird and awful horse up Fifth avenue one morning this week, when he was stopped by a policeman, and at once became the centre of a curious crowd.

"Get down off that cart," said the policeman.

"Why fur?" asked the boy, permitting the horse to perform its bent of coming to a complete standstill.

"Your plug is lame," said the policeman.

"My plug's me own, an' he's just after havin' his breakfast," responded the boy.

"Yes, on tomato cans," sarcastically exclaimed the policeman. "Get down off your cart."

The boy descended to the pavement.

"Unharness that horse and take him home or I'll make a complaint against you."

The boy went quietly about his work of unharnessing the wretched beast. For a few moments nothing was said. All eyes were fixed on the boy as he untied the ropes that held the angular and dejected animal to the shafts of the wagon. The horse did not evince any surprise whatever at the unexpected experience that he was the hero of, but merely hung his head and caught a few winks of sleep, while the cold breeze stirred his grizzly mane and almost performed an Æolian melody among his ribs. After awhile he was free of the wagon, and the boy, after tying up the fugitive ends of rope and leather that dangled from his harness, gathered the reins into his hands and cast a look toward the implacable policeman.

"Will?" he exclaimed, interrogatively.

The policeman looked back into his inquiring eyes and said:

"Now, you get home."

The boy turned the horse's head in a downtown direction. The beast straightened up strangely, and gazed with brightening eye down through the hazy vista of the avenue. Then he waved his tail aloft and whinnied.

"Gep!" cried the boy.

That was sufficient. The crowd was reminded of the scamper that ensues when the flag falls at a race track. It was a lame horse, that one, but he evidently had a grain of thoroughbred blood in him, for, with his hind quarters hitching like a kangaroo, he sped over the pavements as though a purse of $1,000 was laid on his getting home at a certain time. The boy clung to the reins, and just before getting out of hearing he turned and shouted back at the amazed policeman:

"Now, ain't you a d—d fool?"

And as the flying steed vanished with the boy in the distance the policeman acknowledged to the crowd that he was.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Human Nature.

Angelina—Whatever made you tell Uncle Harpseck you're making £5,000 a year, when with all your hard work and all my economy, we can scarcely make both ends meet?

Edwin—My love, he's worth half a million, and if he thinks we don't want it, he'll very likely leave it all to us.

Delicately Worded.

A certain subordinate official was absent from his post on a week's leave, seeing his sweetheart, at the end of which he telegraphed to his superior to the following effect: "Sir, I shall feel grateful if you will grant me an extension of leave for two days, as a friend of mine is going to be married and wants me to act as bridegroom."

Cupid in Connecticut.

An extremely queer hymeneal performance was that recently of Eddie Maturin, a 19-year-old Putnam, Conn., lad and Eddia Piant, a 14-year old maiden of the same ambitious village. That Edward and Eddia loved each other had been a wide-open secret in Putnam since the ten-days' fair in the village in January, which they attended together sightly, and where they listened to intoxicating music from the gilded French band in gold lace and trimmings. But the parents of both children, after Edward had proposed marriage, would not humor their matrimonial intentions, and sternly told them to go to school and let well enough alone. With characteristic Connecticut ingenuity, however, young Maturin thought out a scheme, whereby he felt sure he could twist the stream of love about the parental snag and win his bride with one bold masterly stroke. He arranged a climax for one night that he believed would both surprise and please the old folks at home, and it struck Miss Eddia, who was apprised of his plan, that she could afford to agree to any enterprise on the part of a lover who had as big a head as Edward seemed to have. She agreed.

One night not long ago Eddie, after supper, told his mother "he guessed he'd go out and spend the evenin'," or "maybe he might bring home a friend to spend the night with him;" so he would like to have his younger brother, who had been in the habit of sleeping with him, take a bed in another chamber. To the proposition his mother said "all right," and Edward went away. At 12 o'clock, the old folks being abed, the young man returned home, softly let himself into the house, and in the darkness groped his way through the kitchen, up the back stairs, and to his own room. It was the night for which Edward had arranged his "surprise," and apparently the surprise was working well.

Morning came, breakfast was nearly ready, and Mrs. Maturin stepped to the chamber door and screamed up the staircase a reveille to Eddie and his companion of the night. Not many minutes later that young came buoyantly down the stairs, a lighter footfall following his own, threw open the stairway door, stepped out into the bosom of the family in the kitchen, then paused, and the family dumb with amazement, beheld Miss Eddia Piant, now Mrs. Edward Maturin, trip forth from behind Edward, who at once introduced the young lady as his wife.

The surprise was out, and its effect on the parents the young man saw at once he had not overestimated; but the old folks didn't seem to be pleased. At first they were speechless; then wrath reigned, and has continued to reign since. Eddia was sent home after breakfast, and Edward is in durance.

An Indian Max O'Rell.

Nawab Mehdi Hasan Khan, Chief Justice of Hyderabad, has given to the world a naive exposition of his impressions of English life and manners. "London sketched by an Indian Pen" is the title of a paper contributed to an Indian magazine, consisting of extracts from the diary of the Nawab during his visit to London last year. His *couleur de rose* estimate of the home life in London is very amusing. "All love and adore one another!" he says, "and the mother is a nice old lady, and has every authority in the domestic arrangements. The old father is received (on his return from the City) with great rejoicing; the old mother gets up and orders some tea, and the daughters surround their tired Papa, who kisses each. Then they all sit around the domestic fire, and the Papa narrates his adventures, the whole family enjoys the talk, and opinions are freely expressed, of course, in favor of the old Papa!"

The Nawab is very great on the subject of London clubs. He says: "One thing that from the blood in my veins absorb all these clubs is that the members go and come without the slightest sign of recognizing one another. They are all members of one club, but so far from being acquainted they appear to hate one another." This is truly expressive of John Bull's impassive demeanor in the presence of his acquaintances, not to mention his stolid hostility to all and sundry not included in that magic circle!

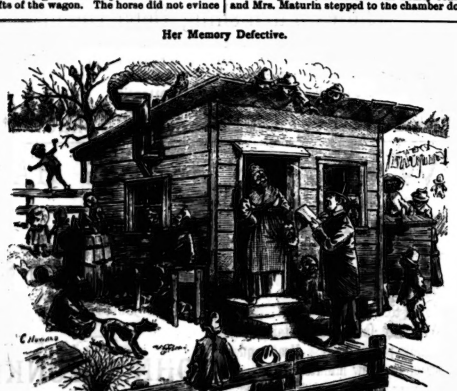
But the Indian enthusiasm rises to its height when he begins to speak of the splendor of a Queen's Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace. He smacks his lips over the display of beauty with true Oriental appreciation, and seems to much delighted therewith even to be startled at the liberality of generosity with which such charms are exhibited to the crowd, as one would expect a grave pundit, accustomed to veiled womankind, to have been. "The faces were heavenly," he exclaims in rapture, "and the forms lovely!" "Diamonds shone on heads and breasts," he goes on, "and some of the ladies were so beautiful as to be the pride of England and even the human race!" Then, mesdames, there is a pretty compliment for you from Eastern lips. The Chief Justice of Hyderabad is evidently a gentleman of discernment, and we hope he will visit our shores soon again. —*Modern Society.*

Duelling in Germany.

Apropos of the remarks on the Emperor's reported desire to abolish duelling in Germany, it is interesting to recall the fact that the Bismarcks—father and son—have both been terrible upholders of the senseless system in their time. When Count Herbert was Secretary at the Viennese Embassy, he was so fond of brawling, threatening and bullying, that he received one or two warnings from headquarters to mend his ways. But he was too headstrong to mind them. One evening he got into a quarrel at a well restaurant in the Austrian capital, and with his own hands administered a severe thrashing to a couple of Jewish stockbrokers. Having done this, he offered satisfaction to both; but the chastised ones obtained more solid satisfaction than that of standing up to be pinked by an expert swordsman. They lodged a complaint against the young diplomat, who, a week or two later, was recalled to Berlin.

The elder Bismarck's views on duelling have changed since the days when he fought and scarred his fellow students at Bonn; and subsequently grassed his man—an ex-hussar—in defence of the charms of la Blanca. Now the Iron Chancellor looks upon such contests in their true light. The recent *fracas* at Bonn shows which way public opinion is veering. A well-known student fought his nineteenth duel, which brought his "score" level with that of his chief rival. To make a record, he picked a quarrel with an inoffensive law student, who, instead of fighting the bully, gave him a sound horse-whipping, being praised by the authorities for his conduct, while the duellist was rusticated. This is a change of front with a vengeance.

Her Memory Defective.



Census Taker—How long have you been married?

Colored Matron—I dune forgot, boss; but I kin tell you in a minute. I'll jess call up de childrens and count 'em.—*Texas Siftings.*

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Births.

NEWELL—At Toronto, on February 27, Mrs. W. J. Newell—a daughter.

VAN SANTEN—At Toronto, on March 3, Mrs. W. A. Van Santen, of London, Eng.—a son.

COATS—At Memphis, Tenn., on February 26, Mrs. C. B. Coats—a daughter.

LEMON—At Toronto, on March 1, Mrs. W. E. Lemon—a son.

PIPON—At Toronto, on March 2, Mrs. J. H. Pipon—a daughter.

HOLGE—At London, on March 4, Mrs. George Hodge—a son.

STEVEN—At Hamilton, on March 4, Mrs. H. S. Steven—a son.

MILLICHAMP—At Toronto, on February 23, Mrs. J. Millichamp—a son.

FROST—At Bloncurry, on February 3, Mrs. R. S. Frost—a son.

HARPER—At Toronto, on March 2, Mrs. Richard Harper—a daughter.

CAMPBELL—At Petrolea, on March 1, Mrs. Peter Campbell—a son.

BURGESS—At Stratford, on February 27, Mrs. H. T. Burgess—a daughter.

DICKSON—At Surrey, England, on February 23, Mrs. J. Genis Dickson—a son.

LONEY—At Toronto, on February 17, Mrs. W. J. Loney—a son.

MACKENZIE—At Toronto, on February 27, Mrs. George G. Mackenzie—a daughter.

SHEPPARD—At 578 Jarvis street, on Monday, March 3, Mrs. Edmund E. Sheppard—a son.

SPOHN—At Penetanguishene, on March 4, Mrs. P. H. Spohn—a daughter.

INGLES—At Toronto, on March 4, Mrs. Charles I. Ingles—a daughter.

WOODD—At Toronto, on March 5, Mrs. W. N. Woodd—a daughter.

Marriages.

STOREY—HOPKINS—At the Church of the Holy Trinity, on February 17, 1890 by Rev. John Pearson, D.D., C. Foxton Storey to Josie, youngest daughter of the late William Hopkins, both of Toronto.

CLARKE—CUBITT—At Bowmanville, on February 27, C. Maurice Clarke to Maie Cubitt.

SLEIGHTHOLM—RANKIN—At East Oxford, on February 26, F. J. Sleighholm to Frank Rankin.

ROPER—NOBLE—At Vancouver, B.C., on February 6, H. Hudson Roper to Ada A. Noble.

WOODBRIDGE—VIRTUE—At Toronto, on March 5, William T. Woodbridge to Bessie Adelaide Virtue.

HOWLAND—GAVITT—At Los Angeles, California, F. T. Howland to Jessie A. Gavitt.

NORWICH—JELLEY—At Mount Forest, on March 3, Joseph Norwich to Marian Jelley.

Deaths.

SMITH—At Toronto, on March 1, Alice Emily Smith, aged 32 years.

TREBILCOCK—At Toronto, Fanny Trebilcock.

LESLIE—At Toronto, on March 4, Mrs. Alexander Leslie.

LAUR—At Township of Bertie, on February 28, Mrs. Isabella Graham Laur, aged 75 years.

PALMER—At Toronto, on March 4, John W. Palmer, aged 79 years.

HUTT—At Toronto, on March 2, Henry Hutt, aged 68 years.

PIGGOTT—At Toronto, on March 3, Charles Piggott, aged 83 years.

BLIGHT—At Toronto, on March 3, Mrs. Walter H. Blight, aged 40 years.

SPENCE—At Toronto, on March 1, William Spence, aged 43 years.

GRANT—At Gravenhurst, on March 2, D. G. Grant, aged 54 years.

JARDINE—At Toronto, on March 5, Mrs. Jean McCreath Jardine.

DAVY—At Toronto, on March 5, William Davy, aged 35 years.

TOWERS—At Silchar, Assam, India, on January 17, Thomas J. Towers, aged 41 years.

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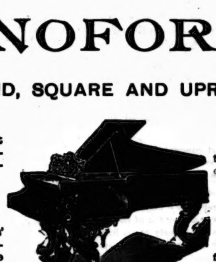

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